Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worksshakespeare07shakiala

THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT,
301 WASHINGTON STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by
NOYES, HOLMES, AND COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Copyright, 1881,
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

105101

SRLF
URL
PR
2753
H86
1881
v.7

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

In 1592 Thomas Nash put forth a pamphlet, entitled Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil, in which occurs the following: "Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them: for the most part it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate days of ours? . . . . . In plays, all cosenages, all cunning drifts, over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the canker-worms that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomised. They show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissentions, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances of this play and that, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*."

This passage yields a clear inference that dramas founded on English history were a favourite species of entertainment on the London stage in 1592; and in the same connection Nash speaks of them as being resorted to in the afternoon by "men that are their own masters, as gentlemen of the court, the inns of court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London." Historical plays, being in such special request, would naturally lead off in whatsoever of dramatic improvement was then forthcoming; and in fact the earliest growth of excellence appears to have been in this department. For in this, as in other things, the demand would needs in a great measure regulate the supply, and thus cause the first advances to be made in the line where, to the common interest of dramatic representation was added the further

charm of national feeling and recollection, and where a large patriotism, looking before and after, would find itself at home. Hence, no doubt, the early and rapid growth in England of the historical drama, as a species quite distinct from the old forms of tragedy and comedy. Nor, in this view of the matter, is there any thing incredible in the tradition reported by Gildon, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote his historical plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." That he cared to make the stage a place of instruction as well as of pastime, appears in his Prologue to Henry VIII., where he says, — "Such as give their money out of hope they may believe, may here find truth too." And something of this substantial benefit, it seems, was soon realized; for in Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612, we are told, — "Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our English Chronicles."

Of the historical plays referred to by Nash in the quotation with which we began, very few specimens have come down to us. In our Introduction to the First Part of Henry IV. is a passage quoted from the same pamphlet, showing that one of the plays he had in mind was The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, which is known to have been on the stage as early as 1588, because the leading comic part was sustained by Tarleton, who died that year In our Introduction to King John, also, we saw that that play was founded on an older one entitled The Troublesome Reign of King John, which was printed in 1591. In further illustration of this point, we have another passage in Nash's pamphlet: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding." Which evidently refers to THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH, wherein the last scenes of Talbot and his son are by far the most impressive and memorable passages, and are fraught with a pathos, which, in that day of unjaded and fresh sensibility could scarce fail to produce such an effect as is here ascribed to them. Inferior as that play is to many that followed it in the same line and from the same pen, no English historical drama of so early a date has survived, that approaches it, either as a work of art, or in the elements of dramatic effect. To audiences that were wont to be entertained by such frigid and artificial, or such coarse and vapid performances as then occupied the boards, The First Part of Henry VI. must have been irresistibly attractive; a play which, perhaps for the first time, gave the English people "a stage amble and true with life," where, instead of learned echoes from

classical antiquity, their ears took in the clear free tones of nature, and where swollen verbiage and strutting extravagance were replaced with the quiet power of simplicity, and with thoughts springing up fresh, home-born, and beautiful from the soil of common sense. That such was indeed the case, may be inferred from the words of Nash, and is confirmed by Henslowe's Diary, which ascertains that a play called Henry the Sixth was acted by "Lord Strange's men," March 3, 1592, and was repeated twelve times in the course of that season. As this was not the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in which he held a respectable place as joint proprietor in 1589, it seems but reasonable to presume that the play had gone through a course of representation by his own company before it was permitted to the use of another; unless we suppose, what is indeed possible, that Henslowe's notes refer to another play on the same subject, gotten up perhaps in consequence of the success of the former at a rival theatre. At all events, the words of Nash, which could scarce point to any other than Shakespeare's Henry VI., and which clearly regard it as being already well known, fully warrant the conclusion that the play was written as early as 1589 or 1590.

The First Part of Henry VI. is not known to have been printed in any shape, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, where the first four acts are regularly marked, as are also the scenes in the third act, but at the beginning of the fifth act we have merely *Scena Secunda*, and at the beginning of the last scene *Actus Quintus*. A question has been raised, whether the play was originally written as it is there printed. On this point we have no means of forming even an opinion, other than such probability as may accrue from the fact that several of the Poet's earlier efforts afterwards underwent revisal, the effects of which are in some cases quite apparent in certain inequalities of style and execution, some parts evincing a riper faculty and a more practised hand, and being especially charged with those peculiarities which all men have agreed to call Shakespearian, as if they were written when by repeated trial he had learned to trust his powers, and dared to be more truly himself. The play in hand, however, yields little if any argument that way, there being no such inequalities but what might well enough result from the ordinary differences of matter and of mental state; unless, perhaps, something may be gathered from such incoherences of representation as we discover in Joan of Arc, the latter end of whose character does not very well remember the beginning. The play, in short, though not wanting in what distinguishes Shakespeare from all other known writers of that time, has little of that which sometimes distinguishes Shakespeare from himself.

The authorship of King Henry VI. was for a long time unquestioned, till at last Theobald started a doubt thereof, which, mainly through the dogged industry of Malone, has since grown

into a general disbelief. This conclusion, and the arguments whereby it is reached, are built altogether on internal evidence, and proceed for the most part upon a strange oversight of what seems plain enough, namely, that Shakespeare's genius, great as it confessedly was, must needs have had to pass a time in youth and pupilage. The main points in Malone's argument, the only ones indeed of any real weight, are the following: That the diction and versification are of another colour than we find in Shakespeare's genuine dramas, the sense almost uniformly pausing or concluding at the end of every line, and the verse scarce ever having a redundant syllable; and that the classical allusions are more frequent than in any one of his plays on English history, and do not rise naturally out of the subject, but seem inserted to show the writer's learning; the play thus being in all these respects more like those preceding Shakespeare, than like those which he is known to have written: That there are several expressions which prove the author to have been familiar with Hall's Chronicles, whereas Holinshed was Shakespeare's historian: That in Act iii. sc. 4, the king is made to say, — "When I was young, (as yet I am not old,) *I do remember how my father said;*" but Shakespeare knew that Henry could not remember any thing of his father, for in the Second Part, Act iv. sc. 9, he makes him say, — "But I was made a king *at nine months old:*" again, in Act ii. sc. 5, of the play in hand, the earl of Cambridge is said to have "levied an army" against his sovereign; whereas Shakespeare in King Henry V. represents the matter as it really was.

We have endeavoured to give Malone's reasons with all the strength of statement they will bear, for, in truth, they are at best so unequal to the service put upon them, that one may well be loth to state them at all, lest he should seem wanting in candour; at all events, to understate them would be more apt to provoke a charge of unfairness, than any possible overstatement to make them bear out the conclusion. Nevertheless, for these reasons, or, if there were others, they have not been given, a large number of critics and editors have rested in the same judgment, among whom are found such respectable names as Morgann, Drake, Singer, and Hallam. Morgann speaks of the play as "that drum-and-trumpet thing, — written, doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Hallam says, — "In default of a more probable claimant, I have sometimes been inclined to assign The First Part of Henry VI. to Greene." And Drake proposed that the play should be excluded from future editions of the Poet, as "offering no trace of any finishing strokes from the master-bard." These authorities, backed up as they are by a host of concurring names, must be our excuse for having stated, in the Introduction to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, that "the three parts of Henry

VI. were adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius;" — a statement which we regret having made, being now persuaded that such a conclusion cannot well survive a careful sifting of the arguments whereon it has been based.

For, in the first place, the diction and versification have not the qualities specified by Malone in nearly so great a degree as his statement would lead one to suppose. In variety of pause and structure, the verse, though nowise comparable to what the Poet afterwards wrote, is a good deal in advance of any preceding dramas that have come down to us from other hands. On this score, the play may be safely affirmed to differ much less, for example, from Shakespeare's King John and Richard II., than these do from his Henry VIII.; or than A Midsummer-Night's Dream and The Merchant of Venice from The Tempest and The Winter's Tale. Yet in these cases of course no one has ever thought of inferring diversity of authorship from difference of style. Besides, what might we expect, but that in these respects his first performances would be more like what others had done before, than what was afterwards done by himself? Would he not naturally begin by writing very much as those about him wrote, and thus by practice gradually learn to write better? Surely his style must needs draw towards such models as were before him, till he had time to form a style of his own: so that, had the play in hand borne less of resemblance to such as then held the stage, this would have been a strong argument that it was not the work of a beginner, but of one who had attained considerable experience and proficiency in his art. — As to the classical allusions, Malone here brought the power of figures to bear, and found there were just twenty-two in the play. He also figured out, that of something more than six thousand lines in the Second and Third Parts, Shakespeare was the sole author of somewhat less than one third, and he took the pains to mark Shakespeare's lines with asterisks for the convenience of all future readers and editors. Knight's Shakespeare has a very learned and elaborate essay, wherein Malone's argument is thoroughly knocked to pieces, showing, among other things, that in the lines thus painfully marked there are no less than eighteen classical allusions and quotations, and those not a whit more apt and natural than Malone's twenty-two. Which seems to finish that part of the argument.

Again, touching the Chronicles used, it is to be observed that Holinshed's were first published in 1577, when Shakespeare was in his fourteenth year, and Hall's about thirty years earlier; and it is quite probable that the Poet became familiar with the elder chronicler in his boyhood, before the other got into circulation. Moreover, Holinshed embodies in his own work the greater part of Hall, insomuch that, on most of the subjects handled by the Poet, the same matter, and in nearly the same words, is found in

both chroniclers, thus often making it uncertain to which of them he was immediately indebted. Remains but to add on this point that Shakespeare's unquestioned dramas furnish numerous instances of acquaintance with Hall, as may be seen from time to time by the notes to this edition.

Finally, as to the discrepancies of representation, which Malone cites in proof of his point, these might indeed make somewhat for the purpose, but that similar discrepancies are not unfrequently to be met with in the Poet's undoubted plays. For example, in this very play, Act i. sc. 3, Gloster says to Beaufort, — "I'll canvass thee in thy broad *cardinal's hat;*" and the Mayor a little after, — "This *cardinal's* more haughty than the devil:" yet in Act v. sc. 1, Exeter exclaims, — "What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, and call'd unto a *cardinal's degree?*" as if that were the first notice he had of his brother's advancement. Does this infer that the first and fifth acts of this play were written by several hands? Another still more material discrepancy is adduced by Knight. It occurs in The Second Part of Henry the Fourth Act iii. sc. 1, where the following is put into the mouth of Boling broke:

> "But which of you was by,
> (You, cousin Neville, as I may remember,)
> When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
> Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
> Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
> 'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
> My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;' —
> *Though then, God knows, I had no such intent.*"

This refers to what took place in King Richard II., Act v. sc. 1, which was some time after the same Bolingbroke had said to the parliament, — "*In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.*" The matter is pointed out in a note, Volume V., page 372 of this edition. It is hardly needful to add, that on the principle of Malone's reasoning the two plays in question could not have been by the same author. Several other inaccuracies of this kind are remarked in our notes, and indeed occur too often in these plays to prove any thing but that either the Poet or his characters sometimes made mistakes.

Thus it appears that upon examination Malone's argument really comes to nothing. But even if it were at all points sound, still it has not force enough to shake, much less to overthrow, the evidence on the other side. Of this evidence the leading particulars are thus stated by Mr. Collier: "When Heminge and Condell published the folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the dishonesty would hardly have committed the folly, of inserting a play in their

volume which was not his production. If we imagine the frequenters of theatres to have been comparatively ignorant upon such a point, living authors and living actors must have been aware of the truth; and in the face of these Heminge and Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen of another. That tricks of the kind were sometimes played by fraudulent booksellers, in single plays, is certainly true; but Heminge and Condell were actors of repute, and men of character: they were presenting to the world, in an important volume, scattered performances, in order to 'keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare;' and we cannot believe they would have included any drama to which he had no title." It is further considerable, that Ben Jonson lent to their volume the sanction of his great name;—a man whose long intimacy with the Poet gave him every chance to know the truth, and whose unquestionable honesty forbids the thought of his having endorsed any thing savouring of fraud.

Furthermore, we have words from Shakespeare himself, which can scarce be interpreted otherwise than as claiming The First Part of Henry VI. for his own. Which words occur in the Epilogue to the preceding play:

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed,
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown;* and for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

The sense of which manifestly is, that "the events whereby France was lost have been often set forth in plays of our writing;" it being rather unlikely that the Poet would thus beg a favourable reception for his play, because a play written by somebody else, and on another subject, had formerly been well received.

Besides this strong external evidence, concurrent therewith is internal evidence more than enough to counterpoise Malone's argument. This, to be sure, is not of a kind to be discovered by mere verbal criticism, but few, it is to be presumed, will think the less of it on that account. Several parts of the play evidently look to a continuation, and are strangely out of place and unmeaning, but that they are to reappear in their after results. Such, especially, are the fourth scene of Act ii., where in the Temple Garden the two factions assume the white rose and the red as their respective badges; the interview of Mortimer and Richard in the next scene; the quarrel of Vernon and Basset in Act iv. sc. 1; and, above all, the undertaking of a marriage between Henry and Margaret in the last scene of the play. These scenes, be it observed, more than any others in the play, are of the

author's invention; which puts it quite out of reason that they should have been meant to end with themselves: unless designed and regarded as the beginnings of something yet to come, they are manifest impertinences, having nothing to do with the action of the play, viewed by itself. Of course the promises thus made are fulfilled in the plays immediately following. Here, then, we have the lines of an intrinsic connection between the several plays of the series, running them all together as parts of a larger whole. In short, the First Part is strictly continuous with the Second and Third, as these in turn are with King Richard III.; an unbroken harmony and integrity not only of design and action, but of composition and characterization, pervading the four plays, and knitting them together in the unity of individual authorship.

This matter will be unfolded more at length in our Introductions to the Second and Third Parts, where we shall hope to make appear how each preceding play of the series runs into the following, while, in turn, the latter in like manner carries out and completes the former. For the present, then, it shall suffice to state by way of instance in point, that in the character of the king we have the same conception carried out in most orderly and consistent development through the three plays that bear his name. Than which, perhaps nothing could more clearly show how wide Malone is of the truth in assuming, as he all along does assume, that the Second and Third Parts were not written, either in their original or their amended form, by the same man who wrote the First. In justice however, to Malone's understanding, it should be added, that he himself saw, what he had been blind indeed not to see, that the three plays are drawn in together as one continuous whole. Speaking of the First Part, he says, — "At this distance of time it is impossible to ascertain on what principle Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect they gave it a place as *a necessary introduction to the two other parts*, and because Shakespeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it." How unlikely it is that Shakespeare should at any time of his life have written a play and left it in such a state, as that a play by some other man should form a *necessary introduction* to it, is more obvious than to need insisting upon. Yet this, strongly as it infers the point in question, is but half the argument; for it may be safely affirmed that the First Part is not more necessary as an introduction to the Second and Third, than these latter are as a supplement and continuation of the First. We scarce know which were harder of belief, that Shakespeare should have so fitly carried out another's design, or that another should have designed so aptly for Shakespeare's carrying-out.

Two other points there are that seem to require a passing notice; one of which is, the frequent performance, as remarked above, of a play called Henry the Sixth, by Lord Strange's men at the Rose in 1592; — an establishment with which Shakespeare

never had any connection. This is conjectured to be the play referred to by Nash in a passage already quoted, and which has come down to us as Shakespeare's, though written by somebody else. The argument of course supposes that a manuscript play belonging to one company was not likely to be had for use at a rival theatre. Yet, as we have seen, Malone thinks that "Shakespeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it;" Morgann, that it was "repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Now it does not well appear, but that one of Shakespeare's manuscripts may have got into the hands of Lord Strange's men, as easily as one of theirs into his; and he must have got hold of it before he *repaired* it. Besides, it is clear that at that time the same play, though yet unprinted, was sometimes acted by different companies; for in the title-page to the first edition of Titus Andronicus we have the words, — "As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants." Mr. Collier observes, accordingly, — "It is probable that prior to the year 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little recognized; and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although perhaps they had been bought by one company for its sole use."

Again; Coleridge, as may be seen by a note on the passage, delivers a most confident opinion that the first speech in the play could not have been written by Shakespeare; though Mr. Collier informs us that in his Lectures in 1815 he quoted many lines which he thought Shakespeare must have written. Now our ear does indeed tell us that the metre of the passage in question is not Shakespearian; but this is a very different thing from telling us that Shakespeare could not have written it. The truth is, Shakespeare has many passages which seem to us very un-Shakespearian; and, as might be expected, both the quantity and the degree of such are in proportion as he was unpractised in his art. How far unlike himself he may have written at first, when, as must needs have been the case, he followed rather the style in vogue than the bent of his genius, our ear, we freely confess, is incompetent to decide. Surely it was most natural that in his first efforts Shakespeare should endeavour to surpass his contemporaries in their own style; and, for aught we know, he may have had as great facility of imitation as Burke, who, it is well known, wrote a pamphlet so much in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that Bolingbroke himself might almost have mistaken it for his own. Perhaps no one, judging by the ear alone, or from the internal evidence merely, would ever believe that Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful was written by the same man as Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France.

These considerations, and such as these, growing out of a larger

criticism than that used by Malone, have prevailed with many to withhold them from the more general opinion. To say nothing of Steevens, who in these matters commonly shaped his course with a view to cross Malone, the better discernment of Johnson, Hazlitt, Knight, Verplanck, and of the German critics, Schlegel, Tieck, and Ulrici, has held them fast to the old belief.

It must be owned, indeed, that The First Part of Henry VI., granting it to be Shakespeare's, can add nothing to his reputation. But it may throw not a little light on his mental history, showing, along with several other plays, that his hand waxed cunning and mighty by long labour and discipline; that in forming him for the office of universal teacher art had perhaps as great a share as nature; and that Ben Jonson knew what he was about, when saying with reference to him,— "For a good poet's made, as well as born." Moreover, the play yields acceptable testimony that Shakespeare, following the fashion of his time, had at first an excess of classical allusion; that even his genius was not in the outset proof against the then besetting vice of learned pedantry; thus guiding us to the reasonable conclusion, that his later freedom from such excess and pedantry was the result of judgment, not of ignorance. Malone took credit to himself, that he had vindicated Shakespeare from the reproach of having written so poor a performance; not perceiving, apparently, that such a course as he pursued must needs disserve the virtue of the man a great deal faster than it could serve the genius of the poet. It will be better seen hereafter, that he did in fact but vindicate him *into* the reproach of having been the most impudent literary thief that ever went "unwhipp'd of justice."

The Poet's more material drawings from history in this play will be set forth from time to time in the form of notes. It will be observed that he took much greater freedom than usual with the actual order of events, marshalling them here and there upon no settled principle, or upon one which it is not easy to discover. The play extends over the whole period from the death of Henry V., in August, 1422, when his son was but nine months old, till the marriage of the latter with Margaret of Anjou, which took place in October, 1444. In some cases the scattered events of several years are drawn together and presented in one view, as in the first scene, where we have the angry rupture of Gloster and Beaufort occurring at the same time with the funeral of Henry V., and reports coming in of losses in France, some of which did not take place till after the events represented in several of the subsequent scenes. In like manner, in the early part of the play the king is made much older, and in the latter part much younger, than he really was; the effect of which, as it was probably meant to be, is, to give an impression of greater unity than were compatible with a more literal adherence to facts. So, again, the death of the Talbots is drawn back many years before the time of its

actual occurrence, in order, as would seem, that the foreign wars and the disasters attending them, may be despatched in the First Part, and thus leave the following parts free for a more undistracted representation of the civil wars. And there are many other similar misplacements of events, which are so fully noticed as they occur, that there is little need of detailing them here.

Upon the whole, the leading purpose of the drama, considered by itself, appears to be, to set forth the growth of faction in England, the gradual crippling of the national energies thence resulting, and the consequent loss of the conquests in France; how domestic strife still propagated mischiefs abroad, while these mischiefs in turn envenomed that strife; and how this long train of evils started into action as soon as the heroic spirit was withdrawn, in whom all the powers of the nation had stood and worked smoothly together, sweeping every thing before them. Such being the scope of the play, so far as that scope ends with the play itself, we may not unfitly apply to it one of Coleridge's most comprehensive passages. Discoursing how "a drama may be properly historical," he says, — "The events themselves are immaterial, otherwise than as the clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is working within. In this mode, the unity resulting from succession is destroyed, but is supplied by an unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."

In comparison, however, of the Poet's other histories, it must be confessed that the arrangement of this play is inartificial and clumsy, the characterization loose and sketchy, and the action inconsequential; there being many changes of scene which involve no real progress, and often no reason appearing in the thing itself but that the order might just as well have been quite other than it is: all which, to be sure, is but an argument that the author had not then acquired the power of moulding the stiff materials of history to the laws of art and the conditions of dramatic effect. Yet, though, as a whole, the piece be somewhat rambling and unkept, several of the parts are replete with poetic animation; many of the characters are firmly outlined, and in some of them, especially Beaufort and Talbot, the colouring is strong and well-laid; though, perhaps, in regard to the former, the conception has more of dramatic vigour than of historic truth.

In the character of the heroic maiden we seem to have an apt instance of struggle between the genius of the poet and the prejudices of the Englishman. For it is observable that many of the noblest thoughts and images in the drama come from her; and in her interview with Burgundy the Poet could scarce have put into her mouth a higher strain of patriotic eloquence, had she been regarded as the patron saint of his father-land. But to have represented her throughout as a heaven-sent deliverer, besides being

repugnant to the hereditary sentiment of the author, had been sure to offend the prepossessions of his audience. It is to this cause, probably, that we should attribute whatsoever of discrepancy there may be in the representation. All that is pure and beautiful in her life as depicted in the play resulted, no doubt, from the Poet's universality of mind and heart overbearing for a time the strong natural, and, we may add, honourable current of national feeling. Nor should it be unremembered that herein Shakespeare's course was against the whole drift of the Chronicles; for the account they give of her is indeed consistent, but then it is consistently bad. How the catastrophe of her career in the drama may have affected a contemporary English audience, we of course have no means of knowing: but to us her behaviour thereabouts seems nowise of her character, but rather a piece of, perhaps justifiable, hypocrisy, taken up as a sort of forlorn hope, and so forming no part of herself; the impression of her foregoing life thus triumphing over the seeming sacrifice of honour and virtue at its close. What a subject she would have been for Shakespeare's hand, could he have done, what no good man has been able to do, namely, viewed her in the pure light of universal humanity, free from the colourings and refractings of national prepossession!

Amidst the general comparative tameness of the drama in hand, several scenes and parts of scenes may be specified as holding out something more than a promise of Shakespeare's ripened power Such are the maiden's description of herself in Act i. sc. 2, beginning, — "Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;" — and Talbot's account of his entertainment by the French while their prisoner, in sc. 4 of the same Act, where the story relishes at every turn of the teller's character, and the words seem thoroughly steeped in his individuality. Not less admirable, perhaps, in its way, is the pungent and pithy dialogue between Winchester, Gloster, Warwick, and Somerset, at the opening of Act iii., where the words strike fire all round, and where the persons, because they dare not speak, therefore out of their pent-up wrath speak all the more spitefully. Again, of whole scenes, the third in Act ii., between old Talbot and the countess of Auvergne, is in the conception and the execution a genuine stroke of Shakespearian art, full of dramatic spirit, and making a strong point of stage-effect in the most justifiable sense. And in the Temple-Garden scene, which is the fourth of the same Act, we have a concentration of true dramatic life issuing in a series of forcible and characteristic flashes, where every word tells with singular effect both as a development of present temper and a germ of many tragic events And, on the higher principles of art, how fitting it was that this outburst of smothered rage, this distant ominous grumbling of the tempest, should be followed by the subdued and plaintive tones that issue from the prison of the aged Mortimer, where we have the very spring and cause of the gathering storm discoursed in a strain of

melancholy music, and a virtual sermon of revenge and slaughter breathed from dying lips. And of the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes in Act iv., also, we may well say with Dr. Johnson, "If we take these *scenes* from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given?"

The chief merits of the play are well stated, though doubtless with some exaggeration, by Schlegel, the judiciousness of whose criticisms in the main hath been so often approved, that no apology seems needed for quoting him. "Shakespeare's choice," says he, "fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because to a young poet's mind the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic. We do not here find the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the seeming unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them. The First Part contains but the forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakespeare with an Englishman's prejudice: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality an heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence — and this circumstance is of the Poet's invention — she wins over the duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. The interview between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, unfolds the claims of the latter to the throne and forms, by itself, a beautiful tragic elegy."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, Protector, } his Uncles.
JOHN, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, }
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, and Cardinal
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
THOMAS MONTACUTE, Earl of Salisbury.
RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, Earl of Warwick.
WILLIAM DE LA POOLE, Earl of Suffolk.
JOHN LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE
SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, the Dauphin; afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
PHILIP THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy.
The Duke of Alençon. The Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris. Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen to Henry VI.
The Countess of Auvergne.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King HENRY *the Fifth, attended by the Dukes of* BEDFORD GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, *Heralds, &c.*

Bed. HUNG be the heavens with black,[1] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal[2] tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

[1] The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's time technically called *the heavens*, and was used to be *hung with black*, when tragedies were performed. To this custom the text probably refers. So in Marston's Insatiable Countess:

> "The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black;
> A time best fitting to act tragedies." H.

[2] The epithet *crystal* was often bestowed on *comets* by the old writers. Thus in a Sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604: "When as these *crystal comets* whiles appear." — Coleridge thus comments on this opening speech: "Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse even from Shakespeare's earliest dramas, as Love's Labour's Lost, or Romeo and Juliet; and then read in the same way this speech, with special attention to the metre; and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears, — for so has another animal, — but an ear you cannot have, *me judice*." H.

That have consented [3] unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than midday sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. [4] We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses, have contriv'd his end? [5]

[3] *Consented* here means *conspired* together to promote the death of Henry by their malignant influence on human events.

[4] Thomas Beaufort, the present duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V. he was appointed governor of the infant king, which office he held till his death in 1425. The Poet, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of the First Part Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort castle in France. H.

[5] This is well explained by a passage in Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584: "The Irishmen will not sticke to

Win.[6] He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,

affirme that they can *rime* man or beast to death." See As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 2, note 17. H.

[6] Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great bishop of Winchester," was brother to the duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quarrel between him and his nephew, the duke of Gloster, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "After that the duke of Bedford had set all things in good order in England, he returned into France, first landing at Calis, where the bishop of Winchester, that also passed the seas with him, received the habit, hat, and dignitie of a cardinall. The late king, right deeplie persing into the unrestrainable ambitious mind of the man, that even from his youth was ever to checke at the highest; and also right well asserteined with what intollerable pride his head should soone be swollen under such a hat; did therefore all his life long keepe this prelat backe from that presumptuous estate. But now, the king being yoong, and the regent his freend, he obteined his purpose to his great profit. For by a bull legantin, which he purchased from Rome, he gathered so much treasure, that no man in maner had monie but he, so that he was called the rich cardinall of Winchester." H

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us. —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish [7] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright [8] ——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

[7] The original has *nourish* here, which can hardly be made to yield any reasonable meaning. Pope thought *nourish* a misprint for *marish*, an old form of *marsh*; and Ritson gives an apt quotation from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: "*Made* mountains *marsh with spring tides of my tears.*" H.

[8] So in the original, the same mark being used here as in several other cases to signify an interruption of the speaker. Malone thought "this blank arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name." Accordingly several names have been proposed to fill up the line, as *Francis Drake*, by Pope, and *Berenice*, by Johnson. H.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.[9]

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France: —
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France. —
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.[10]

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims,

[9] That is, England's flowing tides.
[10] That is their miseries which have only a short intermission

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no! wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward, plac'd behind[11]
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,

[11] *Vaward* is an old word for the foremost part of an army, the *van*. The passage seems to involve a contradiction; but the meaning probably is, that Fastolfe commonly led the *vaward*, but was on this occasion *placed behind*. Monck Mason supposes the army to have been attacked in the *rear*, and remarks that in such cases 'the van becomes the rear." — The original has *Falstaffe* for *Fastolfe;* but of course without any reference to the fat, funny old sinner of Henry IV., who had not been conceived when this play was written. Fastolfe was an actual person, greatly distinguished during these wars in France, and is well known in history. He was as far as possible from being a *coward:* nevertheless, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Patay, June, 1429, where Talbot was taken prisoner, has the following: "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken sir John Fastolfe, the same yeare for his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But, for doubt of misdealing in this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of saint George and his garter; though afterward, by meanes of freends, and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered against the mind of lord Talbot."

Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives, but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. –
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I:
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is be sieg'd:
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,[12]
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving,[1] even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,

[12] This was one of the things charged upon the bishop by Gloster when their quarrel broke out. Thus in Holinshed: "My said lord of Winchester purposed and disposed him to set hand on the kings person, and to have remooved him from Eltham, the place that he was in, to Windsor, to the intent to put him in gov ernance as him list." H.

[1] "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true morings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." — *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up:* By Nash 1596, *Preface.*

And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.

Now, for the honour of the forlorn French!—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums: Excursions; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.[2]

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records
England all Olivers and Rowlands[3] bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

[2] That is, the prey for which they are hungry.

[3] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[4] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard[5] of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer[6] appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;[7]

[4] *Gimmals*, or *gimmors*, as it is spelt in the original, means any kind of device or machine for producing motion Thus Digby, Of Man's Soul: "Whence 'tis manifest that his answers do not proceed upon set *gimals* or strings, whereof one being struck moves the rest in a set order." And in Bishop Hall's Epistles: "The famous Kentish idol moved her eyes and hands by those secret *gimmers* which now every puppet play can imitate." H.

[5] *Bastard* was not in former times a title of reproach. Hurd, in his Letters on Chivalry and Romance, makes it one of the circumstances of agreement between Heroic and Gothic manners, "that bastardy was in credit with both."

[6] *Cheer* in this instance means *heart* or *courage*, as in the expression, "be of good *cheer*."

[7] Warburton says, "there were no *nine sibyls of Rome*: it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins" But the Poet followed the popular books of his day

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But, first to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires*

Enter LA PUCELLE, *the Bastard, and Others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me? —
Where is the Dauphin? — come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:

which say that "the ten sibyls were *women that had the spirit of prophecy*, and that they prophesied of Christ."

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,[8] — thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make, —
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in St. Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.[9]

Char. Then come o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

[8] That is, be *convinced* of it. Thus in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore:

"This banquet is a harbinger of death
To you and me; *resolve* yourself it is."

[9] This is taken from the chronicler: "Then at the Dolphins sending by him assignement, from saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine, where she never had beene, in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she him sword to be sought out and brought him, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought, and did manie slaughters by his owne hands." H.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect St. Martin's summer,[10] halcyon days
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends:
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?[11]
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters,[12] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours:
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try: — Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.[13]

[*Exeunt.*

[10] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. The French have a proverbial expression, *Esté de St. Martin*, for fine weather in winter

[11] Mahomet had a dove "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast, Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost." — *Raleigh's History of the World.*

[12] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in Acts xxi. 9.

[13] The matter of this scene is thus related by Holinshed: "In time of this siege at Orleance, French stories saie, unto Charles the Dolphin at Chinon was caried a yoong wench of an eighteene yeeres old called Joan Arc, borne at Domprin upon Meuse in

SCENE III. London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.[1] —
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'tis Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock*

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I. —

Loraine. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke. Unto the Dolphin in his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie lords before him to trie hir cunning, she piekt him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on." H.

[1] *Conveyance* anciently signified any kind of furtive knavery, or privy stealing. See King Richard II., Act iv. sc. 1, note 24.

Break up[2] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by Servants in tawny Coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Pill'd priest,[3] dost thou command me to be shut out?

[2] To *break up* was the same as to *break open.* "They have *broken up* and have passed through *the gate.*" Micah ii. 13. "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be *broken up.*" Matthew xxiv. 43. "The lusty Kentishmen, hoping on more friends, *brake up the gaytes.*" Hall's Chronicle.

[3] That is, *bald*, alluding to his shaven crown. *Pield* and *pild*, or *pilled*, are only various ways of spelling *peeled.*

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,[4]
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;[5]
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:[6]
I'll canvass[7] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.[8]

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

[4] Betrayer.

[5] One of Gloster's charges against the bishop runs thus in Holinshed: "My said lord of Gloucester affirmeth, that our sovreigne lord his brother, that was king Henrie the fift, told him on a time, that when, being prince, he was lodged in the palace of Westminster, there was a man spied and taken behind a hanging of the chamber; the which man, being examined upon the cause of his being there at that time, confessed that he was there by the stirring and procuring of my said lord of Winchester, ordeined to have slain the said prince there in his bed." H.

[6] The public *stews* in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the bishops of Winchester. So that licenses for keeping them were of course issued on Beaufort's authority.

[7] *Cannabasser*, French, is rendered by Cotgrave, "to *canvass*, or curiously to examine, search, or sift out, the depth of a matter." And Skinner says the same word was used for "shaking or beating hemp." — We have seen in a former note that Beaufort was not made a *cardinal* till 1427, which was two years after the rupture with Gloster. H.

[8] The allusion here is well explained by a passage in The Travels of Sir John Mandeville: "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the Polychronicon: "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand." H

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.[9] Priest, beware your beard;
[GLOSTER *and his Men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of Church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose,[10] I cry — a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array
Out, tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER'S *Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and in the hurly-burly enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;

[9] It appears from this, that Gloster's servants wore *blue coats*, and Winchester's *tawny*. Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny* coats." H.

[10] A *Winchester goose* was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews; hence Gloster bestows the epithet on the bishop in derision and scorn. A person affected with that disease was likewise so called.

One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —
Come, officer; as loud as ere thou canst, cry.

Offi. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs,[11] if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —

[11] The practice of calling out *Clubs, clubs!* to call out the London apprentices upon the occasion of any affray in the streets, has been explained in As You Like It, Act v. sc. 2, note 3. It should appear that the shopkeepers were generally provided with clubs for the purpose.

Good God that nobles should such stomachs[12] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.[13] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,[1] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;

[12] *Stomach* is *pride*, a haughty spirit of resentment.

[13] The account of this stormy brawl, as given in the old chronicles, runs substantially thus: The duke being absent a while, the bishop caused the Tower to be garrisoned, and committed to the care of Richard Woodville, with orders "to admit no one more powerful than himself." The duke, at his return, demanding lodgings in the Tower, and being refused, forthwith ordered the mayor to close the gates of the city against the bishop, and to furnish him with five hundred horsemen, that he might visit in safety the young king at Eltham. The next morning the bishop's retainers undertook to burst open the gate on the bridge, and placed archers in the houses on each side of the road, declaring that, as their lord was excluded from the city, so they would keep the duke from leaving it. H.

[1] The old copy reads *went*; the emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. The English *wont*, that is, are accustomed, to overpeer the city. It is the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. The emendation is fully supported by the speech in the Chronicles on which this is formed.

And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.[2]
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.[3]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!

[2] Here again the Poet transposes the order of events. The affair in the tower at Orleans, which ended in the death of Salisbury, took place October 23, 1428. The capture of Talbot by the French was at the battle of Patay, June 18, 1429; of Santrailles, by the English, in 1431. H.

[3] The old copy reads "*pil'd* esteem'd." As *vile* was frequently spelt *vild* by Shakespeare and others, there can hardly be a doubt that it was the word.

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.[4]
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And, if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

[4] "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily *terror*, insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France, to feare their yong children, would crye the *Talbot* cometh." — *Hall's Chronicle.*

Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY *and* GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? —
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —
Heaven, be Thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at Thy hands! —
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him. —
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles —
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

As who should say, " When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French." —
Plantagenet,[b] I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:

[b] This looks as if the Poet thought Salisbury's name Plantagenet, while in fact it was Thomas Montacute. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "This earle was the man at that time, by whose wit, strength, and policie, the English name was much terrible to the French; which of himselfe might both appoint, command, and doo all things in manner at his pleasure; for suerlie he was both painefull, diligent, and ready to withstand all dangerous chances that were in hand, prompt in counsell, and of courage invincible; so that in no one man men put more trust, nor any singular person wan the harts so much of all men." — The main event of this scene is thus related by the same writer: "In the tower that was taken at the bridge end, there was an high chamber, having a grate full of barres of iron, by the which a man might looke all the length of the bridge into the citie; at which grate manie of the cheefe capteins stood manie times, viewing the citie, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the citie well perceived this tooting hole, and laid a peece of ordinance directlie against the window. It so chanced, that the nine and fiftith daie after the siege was laid the earle of Salisburie, sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glasdale, with diverse other went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and within a short space the sonne of the maister-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, tooke his match, as his father had taught him, who was gone downe to dinner, and fired the gun; the shot whereof brake and shivered the iron barres of the grate, so that one of the same bars strake the earle so violentlie on the head, that it stroke awaie one of his eies and the side of his cheeke. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise striken, and died within two daies. The earle was conveied to Meun on Loire, where after eight daies he likewise departed this world."

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you: —
Pucelle or puzzel,[6] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the Dauphin, and drives him: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. — I'll have a bout with thee;

[6] *Puzzel* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab*; "from *puzza*, that is, malus fœtor," says Minsheu. Thus in Steevens's Apology for Herodotus, 1607: "Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzels* of Paris, use this theft." And in Stubbe's Anatomy of Abuses, 1595: "Nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand." It should be remembered that in the Poet's time *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*.

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[1] thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE *enters the Town, with Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,[2]
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous[3] from the wolf,

[1] The superstition of those times taught that he who could draw a witch's blood was free from her power.

[2] Alluding to Hannibal's stratagem to escape, by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded by Livy.

[3] So in the old copies, but commonly changed to *timorous*, following Pope. The change is apt enough, bu needless; the mean

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard.
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*
It will not be: — Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves: [1] —
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. [2] —
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —

ing being, no doubt, that sheep are not to be trusted or relied on because they are cowardly. H.

[1] Thus the second folio; the first omits *wolves*.

[2] Referring, perhaps, to what is thus set forth in the Faeri Queene, Book iii. can. 6, stan. 42:

> "There is continuall spring, and harvest there
> Continuall, both meeting in one tyme:
> For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
> And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
> And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
> Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode." H.

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was:[3]
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,[4]
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*

[3] *Rhodope*, or Rhodopis, a celebrated courtezan, who was a slave in the same service with Æsop, at Samos. She obtained so much money by selling her favours at Naucrates, that she is said to have erected at Memphis "the fairest and most commended of the pyramids."

[4] "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden by Alexander the Great, insomuch that everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the *rich jewel coffer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him." — *Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter, to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[1]
[*Exit.*

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces with Scaling-Ladders; their Drums beating a Dead March.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,[2]

[1] The same as guard-room.

[2] The present duke of Burgundy is known in history as "Philip the Good." He succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father was murdered. The murder is one of the darkest spots in that land of perfidy and blood. In pursuance of a special arrangement, he went to confer with the Dauphin at Montereau upon Yonne. At his coming he found that three barriers, each having a gate, had been drawn across the bridge, and was told that the Dauphin had been waiting for him more than an hour. Having with twelve attendants passed two of the gates, which were quickly locked behind him, he there bent his knee to the Dauphin, who had come forth to meet him; and, while addressing him in that posture, was struck in the face with an axe by one of the Dauphin's servants, and before he could make any defence, a multitude of wounds laid him dead on the ground. Of his attendants one escaped, another was slain, and the rest remained as captives in the hands of the assassins. This rare piece of inhumanity had the

By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,

effect of throwing his son into close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is, that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took H.

That we do make our entrance several ways:
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yond' corner.

Bur. And I to this

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying, St. George! A Talbot! and all enter the Town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter, several Ways, the Bastard, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready[3] so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms
Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

[3] *Unready* is *undressed.* Thus in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "You are not going to bed; I see you are not yet *unready.*" A stage direction in The Two Maids of Moreclock, 1609, says, "Enter James *unready,* in his nightcap, garterless." So in Cotgrave: "*Deshabiller,* to unclothe, *make unreddie,* put or take off clothes."

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? —
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this, —
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[4] to endamage them.

[4] Plans or schemes. The *plot* of a play was formerly called the *platform*

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, A Talbot! A Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town. —
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul:
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

[5] This retaking of Orleans is a fiction of the Poet's. In fact, little advance was made towards taking the city after the death of Salisbury; though, according to Holinshed, Talbot, Fastolfe, and others, "caused bastilles to be made round about the citie, and left nothing unattempted, that might advance their purpose." Thenceforth the siege was turned into a blockade, but supplies and reinforcements were still received into the place. We are told that on one occasion the French, emboldened by success, made an assault on the bastille that was kept by Talbot; who "issued foorth against them, and gave them so sharp an incounter, that they, not able to withstand his puissance, fled like sheepe before the woolfe again into the citie." After "the maid" and her convoy entered the town, which was in April, 1429, the English did not stir from their entrenchments; and in May they gave over and withdrew

And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr d:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse,[1] we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

[1] That is, *marvel*

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;[2]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness overrul'd:—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit*

[2] That is, where she dwells.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[1] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled[2] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

[1] That is, judgment, opinion.

[2] *Writhled* for *wrinkled*. Thus Spenser: "Her *writhled* skin as rough as maple rind." And Marston, in his fourth Satire "Cold *writhled* eld, his lives web almost spent"

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, bloodthirsty lord,
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[3]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no; I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

[3] That is, foolish, silly, weak.

[4] The term *merchant*, which was often applied to the lowest kind of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these fa-

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[b]
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

miliar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman;* signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, the nurse says, "I pray you, sir, what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his ropery?" — *For the nonce* is for the *purpose* or the *occasion.* See 1 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2, note 19.

[b] *Bruited* is *reported, loudly announced.* "The fame or *bruite* that one hath among the common people is lost or b ried when he dieth" — *Cooper*

SCENE IV. London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a Lawyer.*

Rich.[1] Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Rich. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?[2]

Suff. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som.[3] Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

This Richard Plantagenet was son to the earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V., and executed at Southampton. That earl was a younger brother of Edward, duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fifth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, and great-granddaughter to Lionel, duke of Clarence, who was the third son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI., Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown. H.

[2] Johnson observes that "there is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions here;" but there is no reason to suspect that the text is corrupt; *else* being used in the sense, probably, of *in other words.*

[3] The earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and of course

War.[4] Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,[5]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Rich. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Rich. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants[6] proclaim your thoughts:

nephew to the duke of Exeter and the bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two dukes of Somerset in the time of this play, though the Poet does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date. H.

[4] The present earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young king in 1426. When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. Shakespeare, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him. H

[5] That is, regulate his motions most adroitly. We still say that a horse *carries himself well.*

[6] *Dumb significants*, which Malone would have changed to *significance*, is nothing more than *signs* or *tokens.*

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours ;[7] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset ;
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen ; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected :[8]
f I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Rich. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white-rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
)pinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
nd keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on : Who else ?

Colours is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*.

Well objected is properly proposed, properly thrown in our ay. Thus in Goulart's Admirable Histories, 1607 : "Because Sathan transfigures himself into an angell of light, I *objected* many and sundry questions to him."

Law. [*To* SOMERSET.] Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Rich. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Rich. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,[9]
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Rich. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Rich. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Rich. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand
I scorn thee and thy faction,[10] peevish boy.

Suff. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Rich. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suff I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

[9] It is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger caused by this circumstance, namely, that thy cheeks blush, &c.

[10] The original has *fashion*, which was reasonably changed by Theobald to *faction*. H

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,[11]
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless[12] yeomen from so deep a root?

Rich. He bears him on the place's privi ege,[13]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[14] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Rich. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[15] Poole, and you yourself,

[11] The Poet mistakes. Richard's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel, duke of Clarence.

[12] That is, those who have no right to arms.

[13] It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitallers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

[14] *Exempt* for *excluded*. See The Comedy of Errors, Act ii. sc. 2, note 10.

[15] *Partaker*, in ancient language, signifies one who *takes part* with another an *accomplice*, a *confederate*

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[16]
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Rich. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance[17] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I forever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suff. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit*

Rich. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

[16] Theobald changed this to *reprehension;* and Warburton explains it by *opinion.* It rather means *conception,* or *a conceit taken* that matters are different from what the truth warrants

A *cognizance* is a *badge.*

Rich. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same

Law. And so will I.

Rich. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER,[1] *brought in a Chair by two Keepers*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,[2]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

[1] This scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424, being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The Poet was led into error by the popular historians of his time. Hall relates that, in the third year of Henry VI., "Edmond Mortimer, the last earl of Marche of that name, (*whiche long time had bene restrayned from his liberty*, and finally waxed lame,) deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to the Lord Richard Plantagenet." And in a previous passage he has observed, "The erle of Marche was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."

[2] The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[3]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless[4] arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is numb
Unable to support this lump of clay —
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Deprived of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire[5] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

[3] *Exigent* is here used for *end;* as in Doctor Dodypoll, a comedy, 1600: "Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent.*"

[4] *Pith* is used figuratively for *strength.* "Nervosus, sinewy strongly made in body, *pithy.*" — *Cooper.*

[5] That is, he who terminates or concludes misery

Rich. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say — of late thou wert despis'd?
Rich. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that case I'll tell thee my disease.[6]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle, — for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, — declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,

[6] *Disease* for *uneasiness, trouble,* or *grief.* It is used in this sense by other ancient writers.

Depos'd his nephew[7] Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percys of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening[8] to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

[7] *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, signifying grandchild, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. It is here used instead of *cousin*.

[8] That is, *thinking*. This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very earl of March.

Rich Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest I wish thee gather,[9]
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Rich. O, uncle! would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*Dies.*
Rich. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* MORTIMER.

[9] That is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences growing from thence I wish you to follow out for yourself.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:[10]—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[11] the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Parliament-House.[1]

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and Others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a Bill:*[2] WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,

[10] That is, oppressed by those whose right to the crown was not so good as his own.

[11] My *ill* is my ill usage. The original has *will*, which was changed by Theobald to *ill*. There can be little doubt of the correctness of the change. H.

[1] This parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, queen Katharine, brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

[2] That is, articles of accusation.

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?[3]
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

[3] This of course refers to the affair explained in Act i. sc. 3, note 13. Holinshed relates that upon the occasion of that furious riot "the archbishop of Canterburie and the duke of Quimbre, called the prince of Portingale, rode eight times in one daie betweene the two parties, and so the matter was staied for a time. But the bishop of Winchester, to cleere himselfe of blame so far as he might, and to charge his nephue the lord protectour with the fault, wrote a letter to the regent of France." The regent, learning how things stood at home, made Warwick his lieutenant in France, hastened over to England, and called the parliament which began at Leicester March 25, 1426; "where the duke of Bedford openlie rebuked the lords in generall, bicause that they in time of warre, thorough their privie malice and inward grudge, had almost mooved the people to warre and commotion, in which time all men should be of one mind, hart, and consent. In this parlement the duke of Glocester laid certeine articles to the bishop of Winchester his charge." H

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam[4] thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

[4] The jingle between roam and Rome is common to other writers. Thus Nash, in his Lenten Stuff, 1599: "Three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills."

Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Rich. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A Noise within: Down with the Tawny-Coats*

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A Noise again: Stones! Stones*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O! my good lords, and virtuous Henry.
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody Pates.*

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[5]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

[5] That is, a *bookish person*, a *pedant*, applied in contempt to a scholar. *Inkhornisms* and *inkhorn-terms* were common expressions. "If one chance to derive anie word from the Latine, which is insolent to their ears (as perchance they will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest of it, and terme it an *inkhorne tearme*." — *Preface to Guazzo's Civil Conversation*, 1586. Florio defines pedantaggine "a fond self-conceit in using of *ink-pot* words or affected Latinisms, as most pedants do, and is taken in an ill sense."

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector; — yield, Win
chester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly
gird.[6]

[6] A kindly *gird* is a kind or gentle *reproof*. A *gird*, properly is a cutting reply, a sarcasm, or taunting speech. Falstaff says "Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me;" and in The Tam

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O, loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract! —
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick: — for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

ing of the Shrew, Baptista says, "Tranio *hits* you now;" to which Lucentio answers, "I thank thee for that *gird* good Tranio."

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon [7] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.[8]

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love

[7] *Reguerdon* is recompense, *reward.*

[8] Holinshed, after setting forth the reconciliation of the duke and the bishop, adds, — "But when the great fier of this dissention was thus by the arbitrators, to their knowledge and judgment utterly quenched out and laid under boord; all other controversies betweene other lords, taking part with the one partie or the other were appeased, and brought to concord, so that for joy the king caused a solemne fest to be kept on Whitsundaie; on which daie he created Richard Plantagenet, sonne and heire to the erle of Cambridge, duke of York, not foreseeing that this preferment should be his destruction" H.

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but* EXETER

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers.
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[9]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, —
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.

[9] That is, so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself* and advance.

If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks*

Guard. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

Puc. Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the Gate.*

Puc. Now, Rouen,[1] I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [PUCELLE, *&c., enter the City.*

Enter CHARLES, *the Bastard,* ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

Char. St. Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:[2]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower,
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[3] for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement; holding out a Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

[1] *Rouen* was anciently written and pronounced *Roan.*

[2] *Practice,* in the language of the time, was treachery, or insidious stratagem. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in treachery.*

[3] That is, no way *like* or *compared* to that. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 4, note 10.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend:
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry, The Dauphin! presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[4] of France.
[*Exeunt to the Town.*

[4] *Pride* here signifies *haughty power*. So, afterwards, in Act iv. sc. 6: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescu'd thee." — The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII., complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *devilish witch*, taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the king of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," "a damnable sorcerer suborned by Satan," and "hir pernicious practises of sorcerie and witcherie;" and Holinshed is down upon the prince for having to do with her: "Whose dignitie abroad was foulie spotted in this point, that contrarie to the holie degree of a right christen prince, he would not reverence to prophane his sacred estate by dealing in develish practises with misbeleevers and witches." There needs but a little knowledge of men as they now are, to understand how the English of that day should think their power so great that none but spirits could, and their rights so clear that none but devils would, thwart their purpose.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a Chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the Bastard,* ALENÇON, *and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;[5] do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite!
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

[5] "*Darnel,*" says Gerarde in his Herbal, "*hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim,* if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke." La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem.

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[TALBOT *and the Rest consult together.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest:

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—

God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c., from the Walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France,

Either to get the town again, or die:

And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;

So sure I swear to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.[6]
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then, be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and Others*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

[6] This is from Harding's Chronicle, who gives this account of Uther Pendragon:

> "For which the king ordained a horse-litter
> To beare him so then unto Verolame,
> Where Occa lay and Oysa also in feer,
> That Saynt Albons, now hight of noble fame,
> Bet downe the walles, but to him forthe thei came
> Wher in battayl Occa and Oyssa were slayne,
> The felde he had and thereof was ful fayne."

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life. [*Exit*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee.
[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt. flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Let heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:

[7] This scene of feigning, fighting, jesting, dying, and running away, is a fiction of the Poet's; though there are several passages in the war in France, that might have furnished a hint and basis for it. The regent died quietly in his bed at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was buried in the Cathedral. It is said that some years after Louis XI., being urged to remove his bones and deface his monument, replied.—"I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and who, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul!" x

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?[8]
What! all amort?[9] Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Plains near the City

Enter CHARLES, *the Bastard*, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

[8] *Gleeks* are *scoffs, girds.* See A Midsummer-Night's Dream Act iii. sc. 1, note 10. H.

[9] That is, *quite cast down*, or *dispirited.* See The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. sc. 3, note 3. H.

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped[1] from our provinces.

Alen. Forever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

[1] That is, *extirpated*, rooted out. So in Lord Sterline's Darius 1603 "The world shall gather to *extirp* our name."

A French March. *Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.[2]
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

[2] Throughout this play the Poet takes great liberties with the order of events, shuffling them back and forth without much regard to their actual succession. The duke of Orleans, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, and retained as such in England ever since, was not released till November, 1440, which was more than five years after the defection of Burgundy from the English cause. The long captivity of Orleans was partly owing to the duke of Burgundy, there being an old grudge between the two families; Burgundy still persuading the English to demand a larger ransom than Orleans was able to pay. Now the former sought the enlargement of his rival, and, to secure his friendship paid the ransom, and effected a marriage of him with his niece, Mary of Cleves. England, however, would not release Orleans till he bound himself to return at the end of a year, unless he could induce the French king to a final peace; and engaged at the same time to pay back the money on the signing of the treaty or the return of the captive. The duke being for some time excluded from the French court through the intrigues of favourites, the time for his return was prolonged; till at last, in 1444, he brought about an armistice for two years, and there the matter seems to have ended.

Bur. I am vanquish'd: these haughty [3] words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours. —
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again! [4]

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords*, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,

[3] *Haughty* is here used in the sense of *lofty, high-spirited.*

[4] The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. "I have read," says Johnson, "a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes"

Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, —
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

King. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,[1]
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved[2] of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.[3]

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

[1] Malone remarks that "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him."

[2] That is, *convinced.* See Act i. sc. 2, note 8.

[3] Talbot was not made earl of Shrewsbury till 1442, more than ten years after the crowning of Henry at Paris. And the honour was not conferred at Paris, but at London. The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "About this season John, the valiant lord Talbot, for his approved prowesse and wisdome, as well in England as in France, both in peace and warre so well tried, was created earle of Shrewsburie, and with a companie of three thousand men sent againe into Normandie, for the better defense of the same."

Disgracing of these colours[4] that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Striking him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;[5]
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] That is, the badge of a *rose*.

[5] By the ancient law before the conquest, *fighting in the king's palace* or before the king's judges was *punished with death*. And still malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand. Stowe gives a circumstantial account of Sir Edmund Knevet being found guilty of this offence, with the ceremonials for carrying the sentence into execution. He petitioned the king to take his left hand instead of his right; and the king was pleased to pardon him altogether.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,

[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[1]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God![2]

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train*

[1] *Pretend* was often used in the sense of *purpose*, or *design*. See Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3, note 10; and Act ii. sc. 4, note 5. H.

[2] The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431. Concerning that event Holinshed has the following: "To speake with what honour he was received into the citie of Paris, what pageants were prepared, and how richlie the gates, streets, bridges on everie side were hanged with costlie clothes of arras and tapestrie, it would be too long a processe, and therefore I doo heere passe it over with silence." Nevertheless the occasion was but poorly attended save by foreigners, none of the higher French nobility gracing it with their presence. The ceremony of coronation was of old thought to have a kind of sacramental virtue, confirming the title of a new king, and rendering his person sacred. Thus the crowning of Charles at Rheims, which took place in July, 1429, operated as a charm to engage the loyalty of the people; and it was with this view that Joan of Arc urged it on so vehemently, declaring it the main purpose of her celestial mission; and during the ceremony she stood at the king's side with her banner unfurled, and as soon as it was over fell on her

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[*Plucking it off*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,[3] —
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one, —
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

knees, embraced his feet, said her mission was at an end, and begged with tears that she might return to her former station. Charles indeed had been crowned once before, but it was not done at Rheims, the ancient place of that ceremony, and therefore it proved ineffectual. This good old local religion put the regent upon great efforts to have Henry crowned there; but herein he was still baffled, and, after trying about two years, he concluded to have it done at Paris, rather than not at all. The ceremony was performed by the bishop of Winchester, then cardinal. H.

[3] The original has *Poictiers*, evidently a misprint for *Patay*, as the battle of Poictiers was in 1357, and was made glorious by the heroism and chivalry of the Black Prince. For some account of the battle of Patay, see Act i. sc. 1, note 11.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[4]
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle, duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[5] some alteration in good will?
What's here?

[*Reads.*] I have upon especial cause,—
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

[4] That is, in *greatest extremities*. *More* and *most* were used by our ancestors for *greater* and *greatest*.

[5] *Pretend* here bears the literal sense of *hold out*; not the same as that explained in note 1 of this scene.

Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.[6]
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile!

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse. —
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[7]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

The matter of this representation is thus given by Holinshed. "The duke of Burgognie, to set a veile before the king of Englands eies, sent Thoison Dore his cheefe herald to king Henrie with letters, excusing the matter by way of information, that he was constreined to enter in this league with king Charles, by ne dailie onteries, complaints and lamentations of his people; alleging against him, that he was the onlie cause of the long continuance of the wars, to the utter impoverishing of his owne people, and the whole nation of France. The superscription of this letter was thus: To the high and mightie prince, Henrie, by the grace of God king of England, his wellbeloved cousine: neither naming him king of France, nor his sovereigne lord, as ever before that time he was accustomed to doo. This letter was much marvelled at of the councell, and they could not but be much disquieted, so far foorth that diverse of them offended so much with the untruth of the duke, that they could not temper their passions, but openlie called him traitor." H.

[7] *Prevented* is *anticipated*. See 2 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 2 note 25.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

King. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak. —
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[8] the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,

[8] To *repugn* is to *resist*. From the Latin *repugno*.

"Imperfect nature that *repugneth* law,
Or law too hard that nature doth offend."
Dymock's Il Pastor Fido, 1602

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife;
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, — methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red Rose*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York;
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France :—
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais ;
From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt the King*, Glo., Som. Win., Suf., *and* Basset.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not :
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,[9]—But let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, *and* Vernon.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice ;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

[9] The old copy reads "if I *wish* he did ;" an evident typographical error. York says he is not pleased that the king should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy ; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the king *meant no harm*. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily replies, in a menacing tone, "If I *knew* he did ;"—but he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure not uncommon.

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:[10]
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit*

SCENE II. France. Before Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would:—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

[10] *Enry*, in old English writers, frequently means *malice, enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See The Merchant of Venice, Act iv. sc. 1, note 1. And Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. sc. 1, note 4.

[1] The same figure occurs in the Chorus to Act i. of King Henry V.: "At his heels, leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire crouch for employment." So, likewise, in the answer of Henry V. to the citizens of Rouen, when he was besieging the

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery[2]
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due[3] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

city in 1419, as reported in Holinshed: "That the goddesse of battell called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire, and famine. And whereas it laie in his choise to use them all three, yea, two, or one of them, at his pleasure, he had appointed onlie the meekest of those three damsels to punish them of that citie, till they were brought to reason." H.

[2] "To *rive* their dangerous artillery" is merely a figurative way of expressing to *discharge it.* To *rive* is to *burst;* and *burst* is applied by Shakespeare more than once to *thunder,* or to a similar sound.

[3] '*Due* for *endue,* which was often used in the sense of *invest.*

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;[4]
Not rascal-like,[5] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God, and St. George, Talbot, and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *In blood* is a term of the forest; a deer was said to be *in blood* when in vigour or in good condition, and full of courage. We have the same expression in Love's Labour's Lost: "The deer was, as you know, *in blood.*"

[5] This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall*, being the name for an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere*, commonly applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances*, referring to the deer's horns. R.

SCENE III. Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted [1] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

[1] This word has been variously explained by the commentators. Richardson's explanation seems every way satisfactory, which is that the past participle of the verb to *low* is *lowed*, *low'd*, *lowt*, "and that again of this participle we have made another verb, viz.. to *lowt*, to do, or to bear one's self as the *lowed* person does." So that the proper meaning of the word plainly is, to humble, depress, cast down, or debase. In the text, however, it is used as an active verb, and so has rather the sense of treating one, or, in the passive form, of being treated, as a base or inferior person York seems to have in mind what Somerset has before said of him, when he was simply Richard Plantagenet: "We grace the *yeoman* by conversing with him."

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of[2] this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John, whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —

[2] That is, all because of, by means or by reason of. The phrase was used by the gravest writers in the Poet's time. Hooker has it B.

Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.[3]

[*Exit* YORK, *with his Forces*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture[4] of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: — Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The overdaring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,

[3] It has been observed already, that on the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who dying about two years after, York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "Although the duke of York was worthie, both for birth and courage, of this honor and preferment, yet so disdeined of the duke of Summerset, that by all means possible sought his hindrance, as one glad of his losse, and sorie of his well dooing: by reason whereof, yer the duke of York could get his despatch, Paris and diverse other of the cheefest places in France were gotten by the French king. The duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded, either of them working things to the others displeasure till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortall warre they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring." H.

[4] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;[1]
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering,[2] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[3]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

[1] That is, from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others. The expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used. Thus in King Richard III.: "Dickon, thy master is *bought and sold*." And in King John: "Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold*."

[2] Protracting his resistance by the *advantage* of a strong post.

[3] *Emulation* here signifies *envious rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The English Camp near Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his Son.*

Tal. O, young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, — O, malignant and ill-boding stars! —

Now thou art come unto a feast of death,[1]
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.[3]

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard[4] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But if I fly, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.

[1] To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.

[2] *Unavoided* for unavoidable.

[3] "For what reason this scene is written in rhyme," says Dr Johnson, "I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been part of some other poem, which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here." Mr. Boswell remarks that it was a practice common to all Shakespeare's contemporaries.

[4] Your care of your own safety

Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. St. George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd[1] time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans — that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight — I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,

[1] To *determine* is, literally, to set bounds or limits to a thing. Young Talbot therefore means that this rescue by his father has prolonged the period of life which had been *fixed* by the superiority of his foes. It were needless to say this, but for the learned impertinence that has been spent upon the expression of the text.

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame.
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like[2] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

[2] That is, compare me, reduce me to a level by comparison

Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot;[3]
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.[4]

[*Exeunt.*

[3] That is, no *profit;* or, as we should say, *it's of no use.* H.

[4] In these scenes the Poet anticipates an event that did not take place till 1453, more than eight years after the marriage of the king, with which the First Part concludes. The life of this drama so far as it hath any, apparently consists in referring the loss of the French provinces to the rivalries and enmities among the English nobility; and that anticipation was with a view, no doubt, to set forth in a more impressive manner the train of disasters growing out of that cause. Talbot was at this time in his eightieth year. The event of his death is thus related by Holinshed: "The earle hasted forward towards his enemies, doubting most least they would have beene quite fled and gone before his comming. But they, fearing the displeasure of the French king, abode his comming, and so received him. Though he first with manfull courage and sore fighting wan the entrie of their campe, yet at length they compassed him about, and, shooting him through the thigh with a handgun, slue his horsse, and finally killed him lieng on the ground, whome they durst never looke in the face, while he stood on his feet. It was said, that after he perceived there was no remedie, but present loss of the battell, he counselled his sonne to save himselfe by flight, sith the same could not redound to anie great reproch in him, this being the first journie in which he had beene present. Manie words he used to persuade him to save his life: but nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life nor feare of death could either cause him to shrinke, or conveie himselfe out of the danger; and so there manfullie ended his life with his said father." The dialogue that was said to have passed between old Talbot and his son is given more fully by Hall; and the Poet's representation in this scene was doubtless built upon the narrative of the elder chronicler. H

SCENE VII. Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:—
O! where's young Talbot?—where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity![1]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin,[2] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

[1] That is, though thy coming be the more terrible, because coupled with the dishonours of captivity. H.

[2] That is, so *tender* of me in my ruin, or watching me so *tenderly*. Thus in the Second Part, Act iii. sc. 1: "I *tender* so the safety of my liege." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster, Act iii. sc. 1: "Something is done that will distract me, that will make me mad, if I behold thee: If thou *tender'st* me, let me not see thee."—Of course *ruin* is here used in the primitive sense of *fall*. H.

Tal. Thou antic, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,[3]
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,[4]
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou! whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.[5]
[*Dies.*

[3] See Richard II., Act iii. sc. 2. note 12

[4] *Lither* is limber, pliant, yielding; as in Paradise Lost, Book iv.: "The unwieldy elephant, to make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd his *lithe* proboscis." — Of course *sky* is here put for *air*, the meaning thus being much the same as in Milton's, —"He with broad sails winnow'd the *buxom air;*" where buxom is used in its original sense of pliant, yielding. H.

[5] The battle in which the Talbots fell is known in history as the battle of Chatillon, the name of a fortress not far from Bordeaux, and took place in July, 1453. The occasion was this: The preceding year, while England was torn with civil war, all France having been lost, the people of Guienne, impatient of French tyranny, sent over a deputation, offering to renew their allegiance, and soliciting the aid of an army. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the command given to the veteran earl of Shrewsbury. The old hero used such energy and despatch, that he took possession of Bordeaux and the surrounding country before the French could interpose any hindrance. The next spring, while he was extending his conquests, a French army invested Chatillon, which he had before taken and fortified. Talbot, hastening to its relief, surprised and defeated a large body of the enemy; whereupon the French retired into an intrenched camp lined with three hundred pieces of cannon. He then ordered an assault, and the

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *the Bastard*, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[6]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But, with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,[8]
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

enemy began to waver, when the arrival of a new body of men turned the day against him. H.

[6] That is, raging-*mad*, *wood* being an old word for *mad* See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act ii. sc. 1, note 26. H.

[7] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. "A minx, gigle, (or *giglet*, flirt, *callet*, or gixie," says Cotgrave.

> "Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,
> That left her lord, prince Menelaus."
>
> *Orlando Furioso*, 1594.

We have a similar expression in The First Part of Jeronimo 1605: "Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels*."

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,[9] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef field,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —

[9] *Wexford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Weysford*. In Crompton's Mansion of Magnanimitie, 1599, it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is from the epitaph formerly extant on Lord Talbot's tomb at Rouen. It is to be found in the work above cited with one other, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop,' which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes as here and adds, "who died in the battle of Burdeaux 1453."

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge.
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[10] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em! to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

[10] To *amaze* is to dismay, to throw into consternation.

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, *in a Cardinal's Habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?[1]
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. [*To the Amb.*] In argument and proof of which contract,

[1] Beaufort's preferment to "a cardinal's degree" having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things in the same scene, such as the alleged youth of the king, who was at this time twenty-three years old; and was, no doubt, done knowingly and upon principle, the later and earlier events being thus drawn nearer together for the convenience of the drama, and to preserve a more sensible unity in the representation. The point is well stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings,—the events of their reigns, I mean,—are like stars in the sky;—whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates." H.

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and Train*; GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Ambassadors.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.[2] [*Exeunt.*

[2] The negotiation, of which we here have a showing, took place in 1442. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "In this yeare died in Guien the countesse of Comings, to whome the French king and also the earle of Arminacke pretended to be heire, insomuch that the earle entred into all the lands of the said ladie. And bicause he knew the French king would not take the matter well, to have a Rouland for an Oliver he sent ambassadours to the king of England, offering him his daughter in mariage, with promise to deliver all such castels and townes as he or his ancestors deteined from him within anie part of the duchie of Aquitaine. This offer seemed so profitable and honorable, that the ambassadours were well heard, honorably received, and with rewards sent home. After whome were sent sir Edward Hull, sir Robert Ros, and John Gralton, the which both concluded the mariage, and by proxie affied the yoong ladie. The French king, not a little offeuded herewith, sent his eldest sonne, with a puissant armie, which tooke the earle and his yoongest sonne, with both his daughters and so by reason hereof the concluded mariage was deferred, and that so long that it never tooke effect" H

SCENE II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.[1]

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt*

[1] So in the original, but in modern editions commonly changed to *Messenger*.

SCENE III. The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[1]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[2]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O! hold me not with silence overlong.
Where[3] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,

[1] *Periapts* were certain written charms worn about the person as preservatives from disease and danger. Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. The following story is related in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1595: "A cardinal, seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel?* Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin."

[2] The monarch of the north was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *north.*

[3] *Where* for *whereas*, a common substitution in old writers: *whereas* is also sometimes used for *where*

In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their Heads*
No hope to have redress?—my body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their Heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail[4] her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See! how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

[4] To *vail* is to *lower*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i sc. 1, note 3.

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning[5] hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.[6] [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. *Enter* SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.[7]
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

[5] To *ban* is to *curse*.

[6] The capture of Joan was in May, 1430, twelve years before the event of the first scene of this Act, and more than five years before the death of Bedford, and while Burgundy was yet in alliance with the English. The latter undertaking to reduce the city of Compeigne, Joan went with an army to raise the siege. On the march she met and routed a force of Burgundians, and, having taken Franquet, their leader, had him beheaded on the spot. Reinforcements pouring in from all sides, she was soon forced to retreat, herself taking the rear-guard, and repeatedly turning upon the pursuers, and keeping them off; till, at last, her men being broken, she was pulled from her horse by an archer, and, lying on the ground, surrendered herself. The heroine was then conducted to John of Luxemburg, who some months after sold her into the hands of the regent. H.

[7] This line and the preceding have been transposed in modern editions generally, following Malone, who says, — "Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers." One might think it plain enough that he takes the lady's hand, which was hanging by her side, and after kissing, replaces it H

Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.[8]
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;[9]
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay! beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suff. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

[8] This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Sidney, in his Astrophel and Stella supports this explanation:

> "Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,
> They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight."

[9] To *disable* was to dispraise, or *impeach*.

Suff. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suff. [*Aside.*] Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.[10]

Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.

Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.[11]

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suff. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suff. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

[10] A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Island Princess: "These hot youths, I fear, will find a *cooling card*."

[11] That is, an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. It is sport to see a bold fellow out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and *wooden* posture

Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
Suff. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suff. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suff. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suff. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suff. Then call our captains and our colours forth
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward*

A Parley sounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*

Suff. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suff. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suff. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suff. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[12] or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit, from the Walls*
Suff. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suff. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;

[12] To *face* it is to carry a false appearance, to play the hypocrite. Hence the name of one of Ben Jonson's characters in The Alchymist.

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suff. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suff. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England, with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going*
Suff. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suff. Words sweetly placed, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [*Kisses her*

Mar. That for thyself: — I will not so presume
To send such peevish[13] tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suff. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad,[14] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and Others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[1] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

[13] That is, *silly, foolish.* See The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 1, note 2.

[14] *Mad* has been shown by Steevens to have been occasionally used for *wild*, in which sense we must take it here; if we do not, with others, suspect it an error of the press for *And* or *Mid*.

[1] *Timeless* is *untimely.* Thus Drayton in his Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy: "Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death."

Puc. Decrepit miser![2] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows.
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![3]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

[2] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature*, in which sense it was often used.

[3] *Obstacle* was used to be put into the mouths of rustic or illiterate speakers, for *obstinate*. — For *collop*, in the next line, see The Winter's Tale, Act i. sc. 2, note 16. H.

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts!—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, Heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel![4]
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.[5]

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

[4] The character of Machiavel seems to have made a very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of the age, that he is many times introduced without regard to anachronism. Thus in The Valiant Welchman, 1615: "Read *Machiavel*; princes that would aspire must mock at hell."

[5] For this murdering of the heroic maiden's character,—a thing more cruel than her death itself,—Shakespeare had the authority of the chroniclers, and, doubtless, of popular tradition. The following is Holinshed's story: "But herein, she fullie afore possessed of the feend, not able to hold hir in anie towardnesse of grace, falling streight waie into hir former abominations, yet seeking to eetch out life as long as she might, stake not to confesse hir selfe a strumpet, and to be with child. For triall, the lord regents leanitie gave hir nine months staie, at the end whereof she found herein as false as wicked in the rest, and eight daies after was delivered over to secular power, and so executed by consumption of fire in the old market place at Roue." H.

Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell![6]

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French:
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

[6] Joan of Arc was burnt, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclesiastical trial, at which the bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the king on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigour of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution." — Perhaps it should be alleged in the Poet's behalf, that without any attempt at moral didactics he makes us resent the atrocious cruelty put upon the maiden; though he hints not the hard ingratitude of those whose deliverance she had wrought

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *the Bastard,* REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That,—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,[7]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[8] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;

[7] *Coronet* is here used for *crown*.

[8] "Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king." *Benefit* is here a term of law.

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES *and the Rest give Tokens of Fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[9] This *peace*, which was in reality but a *truce*, was negotiated by Suffolk, who had been sent as ambassador for that purpose, an instrument having been first signed by the king and approved by the parliament, authorizing him to conduct the treaty to the best of his abilities, and pardoning beforehand every error of judgment into which he might fall. The meeting of ambassadors was at Tours in February, 1444; where many things were moved for a final peace, but the best they could come to was a truce for eighteen months. For the rest, we give the words of Holinshed: "In treating of this truce, the earle of Suffolke, adventuring somewhat upon his commission, without the assent of his associats, imagined that the next waie to come to a perfect peace was to contrive a mariage betweene the French kings kinswoman, the ladie Margaret, daughter to Reiner duke of Anjou, and his sovereigne lord king Henrie. This Reiner duke of Anjou named himselfe king of Sicill, Naples, and Jerusalem, having onlie the name and stile of those realmes, without anie penie, profit, or foot of possession. This mariage was made strange to the earle at the first, and one thing seemed to be a great hinderance to it; which was, because the king of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou and the whole county of Maine, appertaining, as was alledged, to king Reiner. — The earle condescended that Anjou and Maine should be delivered to the brides father, demanding for hir mariage neither penie nor fathing; as who would saie this new affinitie passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stones."

H.

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY. *in conference with* SUFFOLK, GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?'

Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph[2] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suff. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suff. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,

"Although this mariage pleased the king and diverse of his councell, yet Humfrie duke of Glocester, protector of the realme, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrarie to the lawes of God, and dishonorable to the prince, if he should breake that promise and contract of mariage, made by ambassadours sufficiently instructed thereto, with the daughter of the earle of Armenacke, upon conditions both to him and his realme as much profitable as honorable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earles dooings were onelie liked and allowed." — *Holinshed.* H.

[2] A *triumph* then signified a public exhibition; such as a tournament, mask, or revel.

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:[3]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,

[3] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretional agency of another.

Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure[4] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.[5]
[*Exit.*

[4] To *censure* is here simply to *judge*. "If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth."

[5] Suffolk set forth on this expedition in October, 1444. Thus stands the account in Holinshed: "The earle of Suffolke was made marquesse of Suffolke, which marquesse, with his wife and manie honorable personages of men and women, richlie adorned both with apparell and jewels, having with them manie costlie chariots and gorgeous horslitters, sailed into France for the conveiance of the nominated queene into the realme of England For king Reiner, hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a purse to send his daughter honorablie to the king hir spouse'

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

We have already seen that in some instances stolen and imperfect or mutilated copies of Shakespeare's plays were put forth long before the issuing of any complete and authorized editions. This was the case with The Merry Wives of Windsor and King Henry V., which were first published with but about half their present length, and with less than half their present excellence. Whether the quarto editions of those plays were printed from the Poet's first draughts or sketches fraudulently obtained, or from such mangled outlines as could be gathered at the theatre and made up by unskilful reporters, perhaps cannot be fully determined. There can be little doubt, however, that both those plays, and probably none, that the latter of them, as originally written, were very different from what they are now. And it is not impossible that the quartos may have the double disadvantage of being from rude, mangled, and stolen reports of the plays as presented in their original and unfinished shape. Probably these points have been discussed enough in our Introductions to the plays in question.

It has also been seen that The Taming of the Shrew and King John were founded on older dramas of uncertain authorship. In those two plays Shakespeare borrowed the plot order, and incidents, with scarce any change, but took little of the character, and none of the language, imagery, or expression. So that the old plays furnished him but the skeletons, which he clothed with such flesh and features, and informed with such life and motion, as none other known to us could originate.

These two points are thus stated here, because it seems worth the while to bear them in mind in the trial of certain questions that have been raised touching the two plays that follow this Introduction.

The Second Part of Henry the Sixth was never issued, that we know of, with that title, or in its present state, till in the

folio of 1623, where it is printed with great clearness and accuracy, but without any marking of the acts and scenes. The play, however, is but an enlargement of one that was entered at the Stationers', March 12, 1594, and published the same year with a title-page reading as follows: "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster; with the death of the good Duke Humphrey; and the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk; and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester: With the notable rebellion of Jack Cade; and the Duke of York's first claim unto the crown. London: Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington; and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1594."

In regard to The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, the circumstances were so nearly the same as to render it on many accounts advisable to speak of them both together. This, also, is but an enlargement of an older play, which was originally published by itself, the title-page reading thus: "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the death of the good King Henry the Sixth; with the whole contention between the two Houses Lancaster and York: As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1595." In 1600 both plays were reissued, the text, the titles, and the publisher, being all the same as in the former. It is to be observed that in these two editions no author's name was given. A third issue of both plays was put forth by Thomas Pavier in 1619, on the title-page of which we have the words, — "Newly corrected and enlarged: By William Shakespeare, Gent." As Pavier's text was merely a reprint of Millington's, the words, "newly corrected and enlarged," would seem to infer that the plays were generally known or supposed to have been revised by the author, and that the publisher committed this piece of fraud, in order that his edition might be thought to have the advantage of such revisal. It is not to be supposed that either the withholding of the name in the first two editions, or the giving of it in the third, proves any thing as to the real authorship one way or the other; for we have seen that the earlier editions of the Poet's plays were often anonymous, and that his name was not seldom pretended in case of plays that he had no hand in writing. The First Part of the Contention, and The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, as they were called in the old quartos, have been lately set forth with great care and accuracy by Mr. Knight, in the form of supplements, respectively, to the same plays in their revised and finished state. As we believe Shakespeare to have been the author of the plays in their original form, we shall, for convenience, speak of them henceforth as the quarto editions of what appeared in the folio of 1623 as the Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth.

In the plays, then, thus entitled in the folio, with a few trifling exceptions the entire plan, arrangement, conception, character, and more than half the language word for word, are all the same as in the corresponding quartos. Malone figured out that the two plays, in their present state, contain 6043 lines; and that of these 1899, or nearly one third, were original in the folio, 2373, something more than a third, were altered from the quarto, and 1771, which is somewhat less than a third, were the same in both. And he took the pains to mark the lines peculiar to the folio with asterisks, and those altered from the quarto, with inverted commas; leaving those common to both unmarked. In several editions, the Chiswick being one, his marking, though not always correct, as may be seen by our notes, has been repeated. In the altered lines, however, a large part, certainly not less than half, of the alterations are very slight, often involving nothing more than the change of an epithet, or the transposition of a word, and nowise affecting the sense. Several instances in point will be found specified in our notes, so that the matter need not be dwelt upon here. In many cases, moreover, the folio presents a judicious elaboration and expansion of old thoughts, with little or no addition of new ones; so that the difference properly regards but the execution, and scarce touches the conception of the work. In the Second Part, again, the alterations and additions are in the main diffused pretty equally through the whole play; while in the Third Part the additions come much more in large masses, some entire scenes being mostly new in the folio, and others nearly the same as in the quarto. For example, in Act i. of the Third Part, out of 581 lines in all, there are but 141 altered from the quarto, and 104 original in the folio, thus leaving 336 the same in both. And in the fourth scene of that Act the proportion of altered and added lines is considerably less, being just one fourth of the whole. On the other hand, in the sixth scene of Act iv. the proportion is still more the other way, there being of 102 lines only 14 either taken or altered from the quarto. Other instances to the same purpose will be found noted as they occur. It will hardly be questioned that the best scenes, — the most characteristic, the most Shakespearian, — in the play, are the fourth in Act i., and the sixth in Act v.; and these, as may be seen by our notes, are the very scenes that were least improved or changed in the folio. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that nearly all the matter of the quartos is retained in the folio, the rejections being very few and small, so that the plays are lengthened just about the amount of the additions made. All together, therefore, we may safely affirm that of the two plays the whole conception and more than half the execution are precisely the same in the quarto and folio editions. Finally, be it observed, that in case of these two plays we have not nearly so great a difference, either of quantity or of

quality, between the quartos and the folio as in case of The Merry Wives of Windsor and King Henry V.

Thus far we have gone upon the supposition, which, to say the least, is not improbable, that the plays in hand were originally written as they stand in the quartos, and were afterwards rewritten oy the same hand, which accounts naturally enough for all the differences of the quarto and folio editions; and that the first publication was probably surreptitious, and perhaps made from the original draughts or sketches, after these were superseded on the stage by the revised and finished copies. At all events, that the quartos were in this case unauthorized may be reasonably presumed, from the fact that the only other publishing of Shakespeare's work by Millington was unquestionably fraudulent. Dr. Johnson, however, thinks there is no reason for supposing them to have been printed from the first draughts of Shakespeare; but that they were "copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down during the representation what the time would permit; then, perhaps, filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer." Perhaps it will be deemed a sufficient answer to this, that there are some passages in the quartos, which are entirely wanting in the folio; and that there are many passages of blank-verse, and some of them quite lengthy, standing exactly the same in both: for it is clear that a reporter, as in the case supposed, however much he might omit, would not be very likely to add; and that so correct an arrangement of blank-verse could not well be attained by the ear alone.

Which brings us to the question, whether these plays in their original form were written by Shakespeare. Malone, as was seen in our preceding Introduction, maintains, at great expense of labour and learning, that neither the First Part, nor the quartos of the Second and Third Parts were by Shakespeare; and, moreover, that the originals of the Second and Third were not by the same author as the First. Thus he holds that the three plays, as we have them, were the work of three several authors, Shakespeare being responsible only for the above-mentioned alterations and additions; and that, on the strength of these, Heminge and Condell took the strange liberty of including all three of the plays in their edition, thus setting them forth to the world as Shakespeare's genuine productions, the Second and Third, because he had somewhat enlarged and improved them, and the First, as being a "necessary introduction" to the other two.

So far as regards the First Part, Malone's position and arguments were probably discussed enough in our Introduction to that play. His *only* reason, apparently, for supposing three several authors is precisely the same as one of his *main* reasons for supposing two. The argument is so clear, brief, and conclusive, that we can well afford room to state it, even though the statement

involve something of repetition. In the First Part, Act ii. sc. 4, King Henry says, — "*I do remember how my father said.*" But in one of the *added* lines of the Second Part, Act iv. sc. 9, the same Henry says, — "*But I was made a king at nine months old.*' Now, as Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote the additions to the Second Part, it is clear that he knew the king was not of an age at his father's death, to remember any thing said by him: which concludes at once that Shakespeare could not have written the First Part. Again; in one of the *original* lines of the Third Part, Act i. sc. 1, the king says, — "*When I was crown'd I was but nine months old:*" from which it comes equally clear and conclusive, that the originals of the Second and Third Parts could not have been written by the author of the First. Thus far, however, we have but two authors proved in the three plays; it not appearing but that Shakespeare may have written both the originals and the additions of the Second and Third Parts. But the same principle, in another instance, will soon nick him out of all but those additions. In an original passage of the Third Part, Act iii. sc. 2, King Edward, speaking of the Lady Elizabeth Grey says to Clarence and Gloster:

> "This lady's *husband* here, Sir Richard *Grey*,
> At the battle of St. Albans did lose his life:
> His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.
> Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
> *And sith in quarrel of the house of York*
> *The noble gentleman did lose his life,*
> In honour we cannot deny her suit."

In King Richard III., Act i. sc. 3, Gloster says to the same Elizabeth:

> "In all which time, *you and your husband Grey*
> *Were factious for the house of Lancaster;* —
> And, Rivers, so were you: — was not your *husband*
> In *Margaret's battle* at St. Albans slain?"

Now, as nobody doubts that Shakespeare was the author of King Richard III., it follows clearly and conclusively that he could not have written the originals of the plays in question. Thus we have three several authors fully proved in case of Henry VI.; one for the First Part, another for the originals, and a third for the additions, of the Second and Third.

We have been thus particular in stating this argument, because it is by far the strongest that has been alleged on that side from the internal evidence. And Malone himself lays great stress upon it: referring to such instances as we have quoted, he says, — "Passages, *discordant* in matters of fact from his other plays are

proved by this *discordancy* not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer." Perhaps enough was said by way of answer to this point in our Introduction to the First Part. Two discrepancies of the same kind were there adduced, from which, however, nobody thinks of inferring any such diversity of authorship. It will not take long to add two more. In The First Part of Henry IV., Act i. sc. 3 the king speaks of "the foolish Mortimer" as Hotspur's "brother-in-law," and a little after in the same scene Hotspur boils over thus:

> "And when I urg'd the ransom once again
> Of *my wife's brother*, then his cheek look'd pale,
> And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
> Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*."

And again, the same speaker: "Did King Richard, then, proclaim *my brother Edmund Mortimer* heir to the crown?" In Act iii. sc. 1, however, of the same play, we have Mortimer referring thus to Hotspur's wife: "Good father, tell her, that she and *my aunt Percy* shall follow in your conduct speedily." Again; in the Third Part of Henry VI., Act i. sc. 1, the king says to York -

> "What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
> *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*"

as if York's title had come to him by inheritance. And yet, a few lines before, Exeter, speaking of the present king to York, says, —"*He made thee duke of York;*" as if the title had been conferred on him by express grant from the king, which was indeed the case. It will be worth the while to add, that both of these passages are in the original form of the Third Part. And as the matter is rightly set forth in the First Part, one of the passages might be quoted to prove that the two plays were, and the other, that they were not, by the same author. Divers other instances more or less in point might easily be adduced; and indeed there are so many discrepancies of this kind in Shakespeare's undoubted plays, that one may well be surprised to find an editor urging them for such a purpose. Besides, even according to Malone's showing, one of the passages thus referred to, that touching the Lady Elizabeth, was considerably altered by Shakespeare. And if the Poet had been so careful to avoid such discrepancies, as Malone's argument supposes, it does not well appear why in altering the verse he did not correct the facts. Finally, one more instance of similar discrepancy may as well be referred to, as, on Malone's principle, it will prove that the Second and Third Parts in the quarto form must have been by different authors; so that we shall have four authors in the case, one for each of the three parts in their

original state, and a fourth for the latter two in so far as the folio differs from the quartos. But as the matter will be found specified in the last play of the series, Act i. sc. 1, note 1, there needs no further agitation of it here.

Of the other points in Malone's argument from the internal evidence, the only ones worth noticing may be quickly despatched, as they call for little if any thing more than a flat denial. The first is, that in his undoubted plays we often find Shakespeare reproducing the same thoughts in other, yet resembling, forms of expression; and that the quarto copies of the Second and Third Parts have not the usual number of thoughts and expressions resembling those to be met with in his other plays, while the folio additions are proportionably much more frequent in such resemblances. Now, to affirm the reverse of this, were probably nearer the truth. As Malone's method of reasoning was so highly ingenuative, Knight has here brought the power of figures to bear, and shown that in the original form of the two plays there are no less than fourteen such resemblances; which is a greater number, proportionably, than it will be easy to find in the additions.

The second of the points in question is, that the Shakespearian peculiarities of thought and speech occur more frequently in the added portions. Which, even if it were true, would prove nothing to the purpose, the additions having of course been written some time after the originals, and when the author had grown and ripened more out of the common into his individual style of thought and speech. Moreover, this argument would make with at least equal force that Shakespeare did not, though no one questions that he did, write the originals of his Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet; it being certain that what was afterwards added to those plays in the revisal is proportionably much richer in Shakespearian peculiarity. But, in the plays under consideration, this is not true, as any one that has an eye for such things may be amply certified by the specimens given in our notes. The cause of the matter's being otherwise in this case may be, that the revising took place at a less interval from the first writing, before the author's style had undergone much change, and when his power was not enough greater to make up for the less inspiration that would naturally attend a revisal.

Nor is Malone a whit stronger in his arguing of the question from external evidence. In the first place, he urges the fact that Shakespeare's name was not mentioned in the entry of the Second Part at the Stationers', March 12, 1594, nor in the title-pages of the first two editions. But this, as we have repeatedly seen, was a common practice. For example, King Richard II. was entered at the Stationers', August 29, 1597, and published the same year; The First Part of Henry IV. was entered, February 25, 1598, and published that year; also, King Richard III. was entered, October 20, 1597, and published that year; in every one of which cases

there was no mention of the author's name. Again, he alleges the circumstance that in the title of the quarto the Third Part is said to have been acted by the earl of Pembroke's servants, a company to which Shakespeare never belonged. Which point we may safely leave where it was left in our Introduction to the First Part, page 13 of this volume. Another circumstance urged is, that in the title-page of Pavier's quarto the plays are said to have been "newly corrected and enlarged by William Shakespeare," as if this inferred that Shakespeare did *not* write them; whereas the "By William Shakespeare" evidently refers no less to the writing than to the correcting and enlarging.

There is, however, one piece of external evidence which must be allowed to carry some weight. We have seen that Malone's argument from the discrepancies of statement would, if admitted, necessarily conclude four authors in the case, one for each of the three parts as first written, and a fourth for the additions of the folio. And in fact Malone himself supposes four, and the forthcoming item of external evidence, so far as it may hold good, will infer as many, and probably one to boot. It is a passage, quoted in Volume III., page 395 of this edition, from Greene's Groatsworth of Wit: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an *upstart crow beautified with our feathers*, that, with *his tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Greene died September 3, 1592, and this was a part of his death-bed repentance. The tract was addressed to his "quondam acquaintance," Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, who may all be set down as included in the words, "beautified with *our* feathers:" there is no doubt that the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare; and "his tigre's heart wrapp'd in a *player's* hide" is a parody of an original line in The Third Part of Henry VI., Act i. sc. 4: 'O tigre's heart, wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide!" thus ascertaining at least that that play, as it stands in the quarto, was written before Greene's death.

The parodied line, however, is thought to identify the plays in question as the particular feathers with which the upstart crow had beautified himself. And, surely, if Shakespeare had indeed been guilty of such an enormous piece of literary theft as the case supposes, he most richly deserved all that was said of him, and as much more of the same kind as could be said; and, obviously, the best course for himself and his friends to take had been not to complain of the charge, but just to keep as quiet as they possibly could. A short time after Greene's death, his tract was published by Henry Chettle. The tract gave great offence to the parties attacked; and a few months later their complaints were answered by Chettle in a pamphlet entitled Kind-Heart's Dream, which has the following in reference to Shakespeare: "I am as sorry as if

the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, *divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty*, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." Surely, if, with a full knowledge of the facts, he had especially undertaken to clear Shakespeare from the charge, and from all suspicion, of having beautified himself with stolen plumes, he could scarce have used words more apt for his purpose. This acquittal, moreover, is greatly confirmed by Thomas Nash, who, the writing of Greene's tract having been by some attributed to him, has the following in an epistle prefixed to the second edition of his Pierce Penniless: "Other news I am advertised of, *that a scald, trivial, lying pamphlet, call'd Greene's Groatsworth of Wit*, is given out to be of my doing. God never have care of my soul, but utterly renounce me, if the least word or syllable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way privy to the writing or printing of it."

Now, whatsoever motives may be thought to have prompted these disavowals of Chettle and Nash, it will hardly be questioned that the acquittal was as well-grounded as the indictment had been. For if Greene's charges had been true, it is difficult to conceive how they should have been more disreputable to the author than to the subject of them. And in the passage quoted from him he is evidently far more vituperative of others' sins than repentant of his own; which, to say the least, is as little suited to a preparation for death, as the matter charged is to an honourable standing in life. At all events, it may well be thought that in Greene's case the expectation of death, instead of making him bold to speak the truth, had rather taken off from his envy the restraints of fear, and thus emboldened him to lie.

Mr. Collier, however, quotes, as in confirmation of Greene's charge, a passage from a tract by R. B., entitled Greene's Funerals, and published in 1594, wherein the writer, speaking of others' obligations to Greene, adds, —

> "Nay, more, the men that so eclips'd his fame
> *Purloin'd his plumes*, — can they deny the same?"

This might indeed amount to something, if it had the appearance of being an independent authority; but does it not sound too much as a mere echo of what Greene himself had said before? Or, if it be thought that Greene's envy must have had somewhat to work upon, else it would scarce have taken so specific a shape, perhaps there was matter enough short of such a wholesale appropriation of other men's works. For example, in The First Part of Henry VI, Act v. sc. 3, occurs the following:

> "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won."

The latter of these lines, as Mr. Collier tells us, is found in Greene's Planetomachia, which was printed as early as 1585 Again, two of the original lines in the Third Part, Act v. sc. 6 are these, uttered by Richard while stabbing Henry :

> "If any spark of life remain in thee,
> Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither."

And in Greene's Alphonsus, King of Arragon, the hero speaks thus to Flaminius while killing him :

> "Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
> How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
> Which he by treason set upon thy head :
> *And if he ask thee who did send thee down,*
> *Alphonsus say,* who now must wear thy crown."

Might not a few such borrowed feathers as these suffice to stir and to set Greene's exaggerations of envy and spleen? But, if these be not enough, there is strong reason, as was seen in our Introduction to that play, to think that Greene was the author of the old play whereon Shakespeare founded his Taming of the Shrew.

Mr. Dyce, also, collates a number of original passages from the two plays in question with similar ones in Marlowe's Edward II. Thus in the Second Part, Act i. sc. 3 : "She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back." And in Edward II. : "He wears a lord's revenue on his back." Again, in the Third Part, Act v. sc. 2 : "Thus yields *the cedar* to the axe's edge, *whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.*" And in Edward II. : "A lofty *cedar-tree,* fair-flourishing, *on whose top-branches kingly eagles perch.*" And there are several others, in some of which the resemblances are still closer. It need scarce be said that such resemblances infer a borrowing one way or the other. Now the argument from Greene's tract supposes both the originals and the additions of the Second and Third Parts to have been written before September, 1592. Marlowe was killed, June 1, 1593, in his 29th year, and his Edward II. was entered at the Stationers', July 6, 1593. It is on all hands allowed to be far the best, and probably the last-written of his plays. Its superiority of style to his Tamburlaine, which was probably written as early as 1587, is so great, as naturally to suggest the influence of new and better models; since without such help one could scarce make so much advance in so short a time. Might it not well be, then, that in so close a study of those models divers passages got planted in his memory, and when, shortly after, he went to writing on a kindred subject, transferred themselves to his page? Or, if we suppose his Edward II. to have preceded

the originals of the two plays in hand, then why may not the resembling passages collated by Mr. Dyce have been a part of the very matter referred to in Greene's "upstart crow beautified with OUR *feathers*"?

It is remarkable that, with the exception of the resemblances pointed out by Mr. Dyce, those who have concurred with Malone in taking the old plays from Shakespeare, have added nothing to Malone's arguments. And it is equally remarkable that those who agree that Shakespeare did not write them are at considerable odds amongst themselves as to who did. Malone at first thought that either Greene and Peele wrote them conjointly, or that Greene wrote the one and Peele the other; but afterwards he was "inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both." Mr. Collier, speaking of the Contention, says,—"By whom it was written we have no information;" and of the True Tragedy he says,—"Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene." Mr. Hallam says,—"It seems probable that the old plays were in great part by Marlowe, though Greene seems to put in for some share in their composition." And in another place he speaks thus: "The greater part of the plays is, in the judgment, I conceive, of all competent critics, far above the powers either of Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification, called by Jonson the 'mighty line' of Christopher Marlowe." Concurrent with this latter is the judgment of Mr. Dyce: "Greene may have contributed his share; so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done: but in both pieces there are scenes characterized by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstratively prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen."

The other part of the question may be despatched with comparative brevity and ease; the main points of the argument having been some of them stated, and all of them suggested in our Introduction to the preceding play. For the conclusion, urged from the Epilogue to Henry V. in case of the First Part, holds equally strong in reference to the Second and Third. The three plays have a common subject, namely, the showing how, in the reign of Henry VI., "so many had the managing, that they lost France, and made his England bleed." The losing of France is the special matter of the First Part; the making England bleed, of the Second and Third; both of which, the Poet, when writing that Epilogue, took upon him to say, "oft *our* stage hath shown." And with what propriety could he beg the audience to accept a play of his making, because they had already accepted plays *not* of his making? Would he ask them to smile on what he had written, inasmuch as they had been wont to smile on what he had stolen? Or, to put the thing more fairly, their having liked some

plays that he had merely enlarged was surely an odd reason why they should like a play originated by him. So that we seem to have from the Poet himself an *implied* claim of authorship in the case.

We have another point of external evidence, perhaps equally strong, in the simple fact of the plays' being given to the world as Shakespeare's, by those who had every opportunity to know the truth, and no apparent motive to put forth any thing as his, which was known to be from another. Their Preface shows that the editors of the first folio knew well what they were about, and why. Nor may this argument be so easily nonsuited by supposing their action in this case to have stood on the ground of Shakespeare's acknowledged additions. For the quartos were at hand, their authorship apt to be known; and any careful reader might see that the entire conception and more than half the execution of the plays in question were there. And when the editors speak of "divers maimed and deformed copies," as being "now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs," what more likely than that those very quartos may have been among the copies meant? At all events, their purpose, as it ought to have been, manifestly was, to set forth none but perfect copies of what they knew Shakespeare to have written.

Malone's argument from the internal evidence views the plays separately and without any reference to one another. As what strength it has seems chiefly owing to this mode of viewing them apart, so it may doubtless be best met by viewing them together. If, then, we take the three parts of Henry VI. together with Richard III., we shall find them all to be so connected that each former play of the series is a necessary introduction to the following, and each later one a necessary sequel to the preceding; that is, they will appear to be four plays only because too long to be one, or two, or three. Perhaps the force of this argument may be best approved by trying it in another case. Now, it is quite manifest that Richard II. is essentially a play to be continued: it was evidently written with the matter and design of the following play in mind Hence the several forecastings and givings-out which it has, concerning events and passages that are left unrepresented in the play itself. These are as germs thrown in with purpose of future development: the Poet is not content to set forth the transactions of the play clearly for what they are in themselves, but takes care that we shall also regard them as the first beginnings of things yet to be, thus awakening an expectation of something further, and preparing the reader's mind for his intended sequel. Such, it scarce need be said, are the prophetic remonstrances of the intrepid Bishop, in Act iv. sc. 1:

> "And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
> The blood of English shall manure the ground;

> And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
> Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;"—

the predictions of Richard to Northumberland in Act v. sc. 1

> "The time shall not be many hours of age
> More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
> Shall break into corruption: Thou shalt think,
> Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
> It is too little, helping him to all;
> And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
> To plant unrightful kings, will know again,
> Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
> To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne;"—

and above all the dialogue touching Prince Henry in Act v. sc. 3. closing up with Bolingbroke's happy forecast of his son:

> "As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
> I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
> May happily bring forth."

Now these are manifest impertinences but that they look to a further representation. It were hardly possible for the Poet to give out promise of a sequel in clear terms. Viewed in this light, the things are great beauties; otherwise, they are blemishes altogether.

Of course the anticipations thus raised are met and answered in Henry IV., which in turn has many minute and careful references to events set forth in the foregoing play. Such are Hotspur's mad snappish retrospections of Bolingbroke in Act i. sc. 3; his reference in Act iv. sc. 3. to the circumstances of the king's first landing, "when his blood was poor, upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;" the king's recurrence, in Part II.. Act iii. sc. 2, to the forecited prophecy of Richard; and especially the alternate riotings, repentings, and heroisms of the prince.

Thus the two plays are closely connected by a variety of reciprocal allusions; insomuch that, if Henry IV. had come down to us as Shakespeare's, and Richard II. as anonymous, there could be almost as little doubt, it should seem, as to the authorship of the latter, as of the former. So much, then, might be reasonably inferred from the mere logical adjustment and correspondence of the plays to each other. Still stronger were the inference from the manifest unity of design and action, running the two plays together as a consistent and continuous whole, the first bespeaking the second, and the second in turn supposing the first. For, granting that the second, though taken up as an afterthought, might be thus logically and dramatically fitted to the first, still

there is the forethought of the second pervading the first, which were hardly reconcileable with diversity of authorship. Then, over and above all this, there is an identity of conception and characterization in the two plays, resulting in a vital, organic unity and continuity. And this is the strongest argument of all. For it might be safely affirmed, that none but the beginner of Bolingbroke's character in Richard II. could have thus continued it in Henry IV.

Now this argument will hold good in every particular, and, if possible, with still greater force, between Henry VI. and Richard III. Not only is the latter dramatically and logically fitted to the former, but the design and purpose of the latter were evidently in the author's mind while writing the former. And the unity of characterization, in Edward, Margaret, and especially in Richard is every whit as perfect, as organic, and as strong, as in case of Bolingbroke. We may safely affirm that The Third Part of Henry VI., as it stands in the quarto, is, in its design, structure, and conception, essentially a drama to be continued. But this point needs illustrating, and our specimens shall all be from the original form of the play. Thus in Richard's soliloquy, Act iii sc. 2:

> "Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all!
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,
> *To hinder me from the golden time I look for:*
> For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
> First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
> And his son, and all they look for issue
> Of their loins, *ere I can plant myself.*"

Thus also in Henry's prophecy to Richard in the Tower, Act v sc. 6:

> "That many a widow for her husband's death,
> And many an infant's water-standing eye,
> Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
> Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born."

And in Richard's dark mutterings to himself in the same scene after killing Henry:

> "Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
> But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
> For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
> Under pretence of outward-seeming ill,
> As Edward shall be fearful of his life,
> And then to purge his fear I'll be thy death."

And again the breaking out of his bloody designs in the last scene, the third line of course referring to his *head* and his *hand:*

> "This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
> And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
> Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute."

And, above all, the episodical dialogue and prophecy of Henry touching young Richmond, Act iv. sc. 6:

> "Come hither, pretty lad: If heavenly powers
> Do aim aright to my divining thoughts,
> Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss."

It were needless to urge how out of place these things are, save as bespeaking a continuation of the subject, and just such a continuation, withal, as we have in Richard III. In the latter play the seeds, which had been thus dropped for future bearing, "become the hatch and brood of time." Among the very first things we meet with therein is the avowal of "inductions dangerous" already set on foot in fulfilment of the promise touching Clarence. And in Act iv. sc. 2, we have Richard remembering how Henry

> "Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
> When Richmond was a little peevish boy."

And the latter play abounds quite unusually in references to what was said and done in the former. For instance, in Act i. sc. 4, we find that Clarence has been dreaming of his perjury to Warwick, and of his stabbing Prince Edward in the field by Tewksbury; both which events occurred in Act v. scenes 1 and 5 of the preceding play. Again, in the former play, Act i. sc. 4, we have the napkin dipped in Rutland's blood, and given to his father, and York saying to his tormentors, who had mockingly crowned him with paper,—"Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,"—and when the savage cruelties are over, Margaret says,—"What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?" All which things are minutely referred to in Act i. sc. 3, of the latter play where Margaret is put to a recollection of her cruelty, Buckingham telling her how "Northumberland, then present, wept to see it," and Richard reminding her of

> "The curse my noble father laid on thee,
> When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
> And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
> And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
> Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland!"

These things, to be sure, are all just what we might expect from an author, continuing his own work, with the same characters and the same course of events, and writing under a vivid remembrance of what he had formerly set forth. In this case, and in this alone it was natural that the two plays in question should be thus closely knit together by mutual references, the weak beginnings of things suggesting the thought of distant results, and the harvest putting the reapers in mind how and what they had sown. And so it might be shown that the substance and body of Richard III. is in great part but a development of things presignified in the foregoing play. The continuing of Margaret on the scene, which is all against the truth of history, was to the very end, apparently, that the parties might have a terrible present remembrancer of their former deeds; even as the manhood of Richard was by many years anticipated for the seeming purpose of carrying on a livelier recollection of the first beginnings into the final issues of this multitudinous tragedy.

The unity and continuity of the characterization will be better made appear in our Introduction to the Third Part, when we come to speak of the characters in detail. For the present, suffice it to say, on this score, that in Richard preëminently, and proportionably in several others, the Second and Third Parts, in their original form, exemplify in large measure Shakespeare's most peculiar method of conceiving and working out character. Strong indeed must be the external evidence, to persuade us that any mind but Shakespeare's could have originated and expressed the conception of that terrible man, — so merry-hearted, subtle-witted, and bloody-handed, whose mental efficacy turns perjury, murder, and what is worse, if aught worse there be, to poetry, — as he grows up from youth to manhood in the two plays under consideration, at once the offspring and the avenger of civil butchery.

As to the general style and toning of these plays, their logical and metrical cast and complexion, nothing better, it should seem need be desired than the remarks of Dr. Johnson. "The three parts of King Henry VI.," says he, "are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakespeare's. He gives no reason; but I suppose him to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays. From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred: in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds. Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are

found. The diction, the versification, and the figures are Shakespeare's."

The period of the Second Part extends from the arrival of Queen Margaret in England, May, 1445, till the first battle of St. Albans, May, 1455. Except in one instance, the leading events of the drama come along in their actual order. That exception is the proceedings in the case of Dame Eleanor, which really occurred several years before the opening of the play. Her crime and disgrace, however, are properly represented here, as they had a large share in bringing about the fall of her husband, while his fall had in turn much to do in kindling the fierce domestic wars that form the main subject of this and the following play. Besides, the matter in question furnishes occasion for a most characteristic passage between the duchess and the queen, though in fact they never met; thus giving an early taste of the haughty, vindictive temper, the indomitable energy, and fire-spouting tongue, which mark the whole course of Margaret, fitting her to be, as in truth she was, the constant provoker and stirrer-up of hatreds and strifes. And it seems no slight argument of a common authorship, that the ruin of the duchess is here borrowed from the time of the preceding play, as the death of the Talbots was there borrowed from the period of this, the two events being thus assorted into their respective connections; while, as regards the main action of the play, their effect is the same, whether set forth in their actual order or not.

In all other points the opening of the present play takes up the thread of history precisely where it was left at the close of the former. And the proceedings of the Second Part for the most part grow forth naturally and in course from the principles of the First, the two plays being as closely interwoven as any two acts of either. The criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk, which was there presented in the bud, here blossoms and goes to seed, setting him near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the king invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and overweening of the queen and her favourites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. The fall of Gloster is the first practicable breach; though, in making York a secret plotter and instigator of the conspiracy against him, it may be questionable whether the interest of the drama be not served too much at the expense of history. Then, in strict accordance with the suspicions of the time, York 's

represented as scheming afar off the insurrection of Cade, as a sort of feeler of the public pulse, and then taking advantage of it to push his designs. That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak of the great social schism, the elements of which had been long working in secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humour, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humour he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humour seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds, — beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:

> When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?"

After the quelling of Cade's insurrection, which was in July 1450, the Poet overleaps the events, with one exception, of more than four years, and enters upon the preliminaries of the battle of St. Albans, which was the first ripe fulfilment of the presage and promise given out far back in the scene of the Temple Garden, and the forethought of which is more or less apparent in the whole preceding matter of the dramatic series. As to the rest,

the main events of the play, with the historical passages whereon they are founded, will be set forth in notes from time to time, as they occur.

The Second Part of Henry VI. is manifestly a great advance upon the First, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

Nor is the superiority of this play any greater in the general effect, than in the force and beauty of particular scenes and passages. Of single speeches, that of Gloster in Act iii. sc. 1, beginning, — "Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous;" that of Warwick in the next scene but one, describing the signs of Gloster's having been murdered; and that of Suffolk in the same scene, telling how he would curse his enemies; also, the longer speech of Lord Say, in Act iv. sc. 7, pleading for his life; and that of young Clifford in Act v. sc. 2, where he finds his father dead; — all these may be mentioned as superior to any thing of the kind in the First Part, and such, indeed, as would hardly discredit the Poet's best dramas. And of whole scenes, the second in Act iii., and the seventh in Act iv., may be cited as instances of high and varied excellence. Far above all others, however, is the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, which is awfully impressive, running into the very heights of moral sublimity, and apt to remind us of the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth. Schlegel justly remarks concerning it, — "Can any other poet be named, who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion. A blessing and a curse stand side by side: the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter his soul."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
Henry Beaufort, Cardinal, and Bishop of Winchester
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.
Edward and Richard, his Sons.
Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset,
William de la Poole, Duke of Suffolk,
Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham,
Thomas Lord Clifford,
John Clifford, his Son,
} Lancastrians
Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury,
Richard, his Son, Earl of Warwick,
} Yorkists.
Lord Say. Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William, his Brother
Sir John Stanley. Walter Whitmore.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.
Vaux. Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk
Hume and Southwell, Priests.
Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.
Jack Cade, a Rebel.
George, John, Dick, Michael,
Smith the Weaver, and Others,
} Followers of Cade.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret of Anjou, Queen to Henry VI.
Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloster.
Margery Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; a Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various parts of England

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI

ACT I.

SCENE I. London.

A Room of State in the Palace

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one Side, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other, Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

Suff. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen

To your most gracious hands, that are the substance[1]
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads—
With you mine alderliefest[2] sovereign,

This and the four preceding lines stand thus in the quarto:

"I *did perform* my task, and was espous'd:
And *now, most humbly on* my bended *knees*,
In sight of England and her *royal* peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
Unto your gracious excellence," &c.

Of the lines marked by Malone as altered from the quarto, a very large part have only such trifling verbal alterations as these, the thoughts, and in most cases the imagery remaining precisely the same. The rest of this speech is found *verbatim* in the quarto, save that the first line has "majesty's *command*."—The matter is thus given by Holinshed, after Hall: "The marquesse of Suffolke, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the Church of saint Martins. At the which mariage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himselfe, which was uncle to the husband; and the French queene also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, beside knights and gentlemen." H.

[2] That is, *dearest of all*, from *aller* or *alder*, *all*, and *liefest*, the

Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king, Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] *Imprimis:* It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father; —

King. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord:
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

superlative of *liefe* or *lieve, dear.* The word, though pretty much obsolete in Shakespeare's time, was occasionally used by the older writers. Thus in Chaucer's Troilus and Creseide, Book iii. v. 239: "Mine *alderlevest* lord, and brother dere." The German has *allerliebst*, and the Dutch *allerliefste*, in the same sense. *Alder* also occurs in composition with other words, as *alderbest, alderfirst alderlast, aldermost*, all in Chaucer. H

King Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Card. Item, — It is further agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father;[3] and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.

King. They please us well. — Lord marquess kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I'the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt the* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

[3] Of course the reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloster. Malone remarks, that "the words of the instrument could not thus vary whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the cardinal." Doubtless Gloster had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the *dimness of his eyes* prevented his reading with literal exactness. H.

To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O, peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been![4]

[4] Every line of this speech, except the first, is marked by Malone as being altered from the quarto. That it may appear how untrue he is herein to his arithmetic; and also that the reader may have a specimen of the changes in the folio, we subjoin the whole speech as it stands in the quarto:

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.
What! did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects, for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours, then, spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away, for our King Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.
Ah lords! fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states

Card. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?[5]
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,[6]
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.[7]

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?[8]

> Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
> Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

It will be seen upon comparison, that of twenty-eight lines fifteen were original in the folio, though the new lines are little more than an amplification of the old thoughts. We have taken some pains to test the accuracy of Malone's marking throughout this first scene, and find that of 259 lines he has marked 61 as added, and 100 as altered. In point of fact, however, the scene has 112 peculiar to the folio, 78 altered from the quarto, and 69 common to both. So that the facts are almost as far from bearing out his reckoning, as that reckoning is from bearing out his theory. H.

[5] This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.

[6] This word, spelt *rost* in the original, ought perhaps to be *roost*. However, Richardson explains it, "to rule *the roast*, as king of the feast, orderer, purveyor, president;" and he adds, "or may it not be to rule the *roost*, an expression of which every poultry-yard would supply an explanation?" So in Bishop Jewell's Defence: "Geate you nowe up into your pulptes like braggynge cockes on the *rowst*, flappe your whinges, and crowe out aloude." H.

[7] See Act v. sc. 5, note 5, of the preceding play.

[8] The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, second son to Ralph Neville, whom we have often met with in former plays as earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Neville family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her![9]
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —

Card. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

1449. Shakespeare, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the earl of Warwick who figures in the preceding play. See the First Part, Act ii. sc. 4, note 4. Perhaps it should be added that there is the same confusion in the quarto; which may be some evidence that Shakespeare was the author of that. H.

[9] So in Holinshed: "First, the king had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the marquesse of Suffolke demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the citie of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backestands to the duchie of Normandie." H

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Card. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey the good duke of Gloster;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With — "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Card. This weighty business will not brook delay:
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o'the Church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York,[10] thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

[10] The present duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, by Joan his first wife, who, again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the earl of Salisbury.—The Poet here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort. H.

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd of the people.—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father! Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[11] point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well-pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis mine they give away, and not their own.

[11] *Tickle* was much used anciently for *ticklish*, meaning *unsteady, tottering*. Thus in Spenser's fragment, Of Mutabilitie can. 7, stan. 22:

"O weake life! that does leane
On thing so *tickle* as th' unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire."

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[12]
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevilles' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:

[12] According to Ovid, the life of Meleager, prince of Calydon was made to depend on a certain firebrand; which being thrown into the fire by his mother Althea, he expired in great torments. — Thus far this speech was entirely new in the folio: the rest is retained *verbatim* as it stands in the quarto. Need it be said, that the latter half, besides being quite as good as the former in itself is more characteristic of the speaker? H.

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit*

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER's House.

Enter GLOSTER *and the Duchess.*[1]

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

[1] The present duchess of Gloster was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloster was obliged to be broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1428 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife. Lingard says, — "The beauty of Eleanor was as distinguished as her morals were dissolute. After contributing to the pleasures of different noblemen, she became acquainted with the duke, whose attachment to her was so great, that even after his union with Jacqueline he kept her always near his person. What answer was returned to the petition is not known; but the duke soon afterwards, to the surprise of Europe, publicly acknowledged Cobham for his wife." The marriage legitimated their union indeed, but did not make her character clean in the public eye; and the pride, avarice, and licentiousness of Dame Eleanor, as she was called, finally led to her ruin

H.

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.[1]

[1] This entire speech is marked by Malone as altered from the quarto. Whether the changes were substantial, or merely verbal,

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

of course his marking does not show. That it may be seen how little of the speech is peculiar to the folio, and also in further proof of what was alleged in note 1 of the preceding scene, we subjoin the speech as first printed:

"This night, when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I cannot guess,
But, as I think, by the cardinal. What it bodes
God knows: and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of Edmund, duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk." H

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas[3] the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John![4] nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.[5]

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

[3] *Whereas* for *where*; a common substitution in old language, as *where* is often used for *whereas*.

[4] That is, Sir John Hume. For this use of the title *Sir*, see The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 1, note 1. H.

[5] Of this speech all is marked by Malone as origina. in the folio, but the first two lines and the last two. The accuracy of this marking may be best judged by having the speech as it stands in the quarto:

"I'll come after you; for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster bears this base and humble mind:
Were I a man, and protector as he is,
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop headless:
And being but a woman, I'll not behind
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek
To cross me thus. Who is within there?
What! Sir John Hume, what news with you?" M.

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
When from St. Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit the Duchess*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will,[6] I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[1]

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

[6] That is, let it *happen*, or be *allotted*, as it will; to *sort* being formerly used for to take or give by *lot*. H.

[1] There have been some strange conjectures in explanation of this phrase, *in the quill*. Steevens says that it may mean no more than *written* or *penned*, as we still say *in print* for *printed*. Mr. Tollet thinks it means *with great exactness and observance of form*, in allusion to the *quilled* or plaited ruffs. Hawkins suggests that it may be the same with the French *en quille*, said of a man when he stands upright upon his feet, without moving from the place, in allusion to *quille*, a ninepin. Singer thinks it to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of *in the coil*, that is, in the *bustle*. *Coil* is spelt in the old dictionaries *quoil*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile* or *quill*.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suff. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading the Superscription.*] "To my lord protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. —What's yours? —What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave!

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir! I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his Petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.[2]

[2] This passage is something different in the quarto, and may be thought not to have been bettered by the change:

"*Peter.* Marry, sir, I come to tell you, that my master said that the duke of York was true heir to the crown, and that the king was an usurer.

"*Queen.* An usurper thou would'st say.

"*Peter.* Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

"*Queen.* Didst thou say the king was an usurper?

"*Peter.* No, forsooth; I said my master said so, the other day when we were scouring the duke of York's armour in our garret.'

H.

Suff. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. — We'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the Petition.*
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise.
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;[3]
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

[3] In the quarto this passage reads thus:

"I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had been like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France."

As Marlowe has been thought to have written this play as printed in the quarto, it seems but fair to quote a similar passage from his Edward II.:

"Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France*,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont" ■

His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suff. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suff. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevilles:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,[4]

[4] This line is marked by Malone as being original in the folio a question best settled by quoting the passage as it is in the quarto

> "And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
> That ruffles it with such a troop of ladies,
> As strangers in the court take her for queen.
> *She bears a duke's* whole *revenues on her back:*
> The other day she vaunted to her maids,
> That the very train of her worst gown
> Was worth more wealth than all my father's lands."

One of Malone's arguments against the original play being Shakespeare's is, that it has not the usual resemblances to passages in his other plays Whereupon Knight quotes the following from

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat[5] as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst-wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suff. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;[6]
And plac'd a choir of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *the Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

his King John, Act ii. sc. 1: "*Bearing* their *birthrights* proudly *on their backs*." Again, from his Henry VIII., Act i. sc. 1: "Many have broke their *backs* with *laying manors on them*." H.

[5] *Callat* was an old term of abuse often applied to women. See The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, note 9. H.

[6] Referring to the ancient use of *lime*, or, as it is sometimes called, *birdlime*, which was a sticky substance spread upon twigs and bushes to catch birds with; hence put figuratively for any kind of a snare. So this same passage in the original play: "I have set *lime-twigs* that will entangle them." See, also, All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc. 6, note 10 H.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[7] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.

Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son! — and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure:[8] These are no women's matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suff. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Card. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

[7] *Denay* is sometimes used instead of *deny* among the old writers.

[8] *Censure* here means simply *judgment* or *opinion*; the sense in which it was used by all the writers of the time.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.[9]

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her Fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not!
[*Giving the Duchess a box on the Ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.[10]

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.

[9] The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: "The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honour, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdaining that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the duke of Glocester from all rule and governance, not prohibiting such as she knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greefs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open councell, and especiallie one, — That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned." H.

[10] This appears to have been a popular phrase for *the hands* or ten fingers. Thus in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*." Again, in Westward Hoe, 1607: "Your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back." And in Udal's version of Erasmus' Apothegms: "When Xantippe had pulled awaye her husbandes cope from his backe, even in the open streete, and his familiar compaignons gave him a by warning to avenge suche a naughtie touche or pranke with his *tenne commandments*."

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to' in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.[11]
[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

[11] This tilting-match of female spite is altogether fictitious; but it sets forth not unaptly the character of these two women. The fact is, the duchess and queen never met, the former having been put to incurable disgrace in November, 1441, and the latter not having landed in England till May, 1445. H.

[12] *Can*, of this line, was first supplied in the folio of 1632. — In the next line *far* is commonly changed to *fast* in modern editions. H

My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.[13]

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suff. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: That Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said

[13] The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the duke of Summerset, still maligning the duke of Yorkes advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the king revoked the grant made to the duke of Yorke for enjoieng of that office the terme of other five yeeres, and with helpe of William marquesse of Suffolke obteined that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the duke of Yorke might so evill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others." H.

nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones,[14] my lords, [*Holding up his Hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech! —
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain' accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.[15]

[14] We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. We have here again a similar vulgar expression. It is, however, a very ancient popular adjuration, and may be found in many old dramatic pieces. Thus in Jacke Jugler:

> "*Jack.* Ye, mary, I tell thee Careawaye is my name.
> *Car.* And *by these tenne bones* myne is the same."

And in The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art, 1570: "By *these tenne bones* I will, I have sworne."

[15] Before this line, the two following lines, first inserted by

Hor And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[1]

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Theobald from the quarto, are commonly retained in modern editions, on the ground that Somerset is made to thank the king for the regency before the king has confirmed it to him:

"*King.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French."

But as the king has already referred to Gloster to pronounce sentence of law in the case, perhaps the lines are needless; not to say, that the passage, as it stands, better shows the habit of almost kingly rule in the duke, and of answering submission in others.'

H.

[1] By *exorcise* Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits not to lay them. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. sc 3 note 24.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth. — John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter the Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear;[2] the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent[3] of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs[4] howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies appertaining, and make the Circle;* BOLINGBROKE *or* SOUTHWELL *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

[2] *Gear* was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 1, note 5. H.

[3] A similar expression occurs in 2 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 3: "Now comes in the *sweet* of the night." Likewise in The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2: "Urchins shall, for that *vast* of night that they may work, all exercise on thee." The quarto has "the *silence* of the night." H.

[4] *Ban-dog*, or *band-dog*, any great fierce dog which required to be tied or chained up. "*Canis Molossus*, a mastive, beare-dog or bull-dog" It is sometimes called in the dictionaries *canis cat enarius.*"

Spir. Adsum.

Jourd. Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done![b]

Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him become?

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the Answer.*

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards, and Others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

[b] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance.

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd[6] for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the Papers*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—
[*Exit the Duchess from above.*
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All.—Away!
[*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTH., BOLING., *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.[7]
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?'
"By water shall he die, and take his end."
"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?"
"Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

[6] Rewarded.

[7] That is, "I say that you, the son of Æacus, the Romans can conquer," which is just like the foregoing prediction in that it can be taken either way. H.

Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress toward St. Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. St. Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, *the Cardinal, and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hollaing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[1]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day.

[1] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[2]

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest! —
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain[3] of climbing high.

Suff. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Card. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Card. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown,[4] the treasure of thy heart:

[2] Dr. Percy explains this, — "The wind was so high, it was ten to one old Joan *would not have taken her flight at the game.*" Which is confirmed by Latham's Falconry, 1633: "When you shall come afterward to fly her, she must be altogether guided and governed by her stomacke; yea she will be kept and also lost by the same: for let her faile of that never so little, and every puff of wind will blow her away from you; nay, *if there be no wind stirring, yet she will wheele and sinke away from him and from his voice*, that all the time before had lured and trained her up."

[3] That is, *fond* or *glad*. Thus Spenser:

> "And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
> Wherein her face she often viewed *fain*."

[4] That is, thy mind is *working* on a crown. So in The Tempest:

> "Do not infest your mind with *beating* on
> The strangeness of this business."

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it.

Suff. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.

King. I pr'ythee, peace
Good queen! and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. [*Aside to the Cardinal.*] 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

Card. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Card. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Card. Believe me, cousin Gloster
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

Wife Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Card. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and would'st climb a tree!

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas! good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and St. Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.[7]—

[7] This passage between Gloster and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of St. Albans a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek St. Alban. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at St. Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see any thing in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man" "Ye can?" quoth the duke "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar

Wife Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Card. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and would'st climb a tree!

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas! good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and St. Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suff. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.[7]—

[7] This passage between Gloster and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI. rode in progress, there came to the town of St. Albans a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek St. Alban. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at St. Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see any thing in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man" "Ye can?" quoth the duke. "what colour is this gown?" Then anon the beggar

My lords, St. Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of St. Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.—[*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, crying, "A Miracle!"*

King. O God! seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

told him. "What colour," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks. H.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

Card. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.

Suff. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,[8] Under the countenance and confederacy Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife, The ringleader and head of all this rout, Have practis'd dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches, and with conjurers: Whom we have apprehended in the fact; Raising up wicked spirits from under ground, Demanding of King Henry's life and death, And other of your highness' privy council, As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means Your lady is forthcoming[9] yet at London.

Sort was much used for *pack*, or *set*. So in Richard II. Act iv. sc. 1, the king says,—

> "And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
> But they can see a *sort* of traitors here."

— *Lewdly* is *wickedly, knavishly*. See Much Ado about Nothing Act v. sc. 1, note 25.

[9] That is, your lady is in custody

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge,
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands:
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonor'd Gloster's honest name.

King. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE II.

London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevilles are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue — Philippe, a daughter
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmund had issue — Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.[1]
But, to the rest.

[1] Here we have another troublesome piece of historical confusion. In 1 Henry IV., Act i. sc. 3, note 9, it was remarked that Shakespeare, following the chroniclers, had confounded Sir Edmund Mortimer with the young earl of March, whose name was also Edmund Mortimer. Early in the reign of Henry IV., Sir Edmund, being sent with an army against Owen Glendower, was taken prisoner by him, but not long after was released, married to his daughter, and joined with the Percys in their great rebellion against the king. Lord Grey of Ruthven, who had also married a daughter of Glendower, getting afterwards into a war with his father-in-law, likewise fell into his hands, and died in captivity. Here, then, we have a double confusion: In the first place, Edmund, earl of March, is confounded with his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer; and in the second place, Sir Edmund having been

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot,[2] be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;

sometime captive to his father-in-law, is confounded with Lord Grey, who was held in captivity by his father-in-law till he died. In the First Part this same earl of March is represented as dying an old man in the Tower at London, where he had been detained not by Glendower, but by the king; which discrepancy has been thought to argue that the First and Second Parts were not by the same author. For the truth of the matter as regards the real Edmund, earl of March, see the preceding play, Act ii sc. 5 note 1. H

[2] Sequestered spot.

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd.
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Neville, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. A Hall of Justice

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

King. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
[*To* JOURD., *&c.*] You four, from hence to prison back again;

From thence, unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.[1] —

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

[1] This sentence, as stated in a former note, fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the king, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the citie of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight. At the same season were arraigned and adjudged guiltie, as aiders to the duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest, John Hum, priest, Roger Bolingbrooke, a cunning necromancer, and Margerie Jordeine, surnamed the witch of Eie. The matter laid against them was, for that they, at the request of the said duchesse, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby to waste and destroie the kings person. Margery Jordeine was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbrooke was drawne to Tiborne, and hanged, and quartered. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwell died in the Tower the night before his execution." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.

Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[2]

King. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm:[3]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught,[4] there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

[2] That is, "sorrow would *have* solace, and mine age would *have* ease."

[3] The original has *realm* here, which Johnson with good reason changed to *helm*, the close similarity of the words having probably caused realm to be repeated in the printing. H.

[4] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*. Here, and wherever Shakespeare uses it, it means *reached, attained*

Suff. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days
York. Lords, let him go.[6] — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one Side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his Staff with a Sand-Bag fastened to it;*[7] *a Drum before him: at the other Side,* PETER, *with a Drum and a similar Staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you

unto. This passage has been absurdly pointed in the late editions. The punctuation of the first folio, which is here followed, need not have been disturbed.

[5] *Her* in this line relates to *pride*, and not to *Eleanor*.

[6] That is, let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.

[7] As, according to the old law of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and the sword, so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff, or batoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler has alluded to this custom in Hudibras: —

in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour; you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[8]

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

> "Engag'd with money bags, as bold
> As men with *sand bags* did of old."

The practice must have been of great antiquity, being mentioned by St. Chrysostom.

[8] *Charneco* appears to have been a kind of sweet wine. Warburton imagines that it may have had its name from *charneca*, the Spanish name for a species of turpentine tree; but Steevens says *Charneco* is the name of a village in Portugal where this wine was made. It is frequently mentioned by old writers. Thus in Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness, 1596, it is said that "three cups of *charneco* fasting is the only medicine for the fleghm." And in the Puritan, a comedy: "Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling *charneco*."

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.[9]

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* *They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.[10] [*Dies.*

[9] This allusion to *Bevis* and *Ascapart* was added from the quarto by Warburton. It seems doubtful whether it ought to be retained;—doubtful, not for any thing in itself, but because the author saw fit, apparently, to revise it out. The reason of our keeping it is thus given by Knight: "The allusions in our old poets to the older romances form a chain of traditionary literature, of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link." In legendary lore Sir Bevis was a most famous knight, who won his chief honour by conquering the mightiest of giants, named Ascapart. The knight and the giant are still, or were at the latest accounts, standing on the gates of Southampton, done in marble. A very ancient description of the giant has been thus modernized by Ellis:

"This giant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was long.
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great and hung aside;
His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man:
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke."

[10] This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an inci

York. Take away his weapon. — Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevail'd in right.

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:[11]
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. —
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

dent told by Holinshed. It will be seen that Shakespeare innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446,) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgovernmg of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne." H.

[11] The real names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bologne and Robert *Horne;* the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's Chronicle, may have suggested the name of *Horner* The precept to the sheriffs, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield, with the account of expenses incurred, is among the records of the exchequer, and has been printed in Mr. Nicholls's Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Antient Times in England, quarto, 1797. It appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the space of six or seven days; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion, and that the place of battle was strewed with rushes.

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me.
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath[1] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious[2] looks, still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white Sheet, with Papers pinned upon her Back, her Feet bare, and a Taper burning in her Hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by

[1] That is, *hardly*, or not *easily*; from *un* and *eath*, *ease*. H.

[2] *Envy* was much used of old in the sense of *malice*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. sc. 1, note 1. — *Still*, in this line, was first supplied in the folio of 1632. Perhaps it may be justly said to mend the metre at the expense of the sense. H.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban[3] thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[4] with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[5] groans
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised[6] how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that ere I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

[3] To *ban* is to *curse*, or *execrate*.

[4] That is, *wrapped* or *bundled* up in disgrace, referring, of course, to the sheet of penance. Thus Randell Holme: "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle." And in Drayton; Epistle of Eleanor Cobham to Duke Humphrey:

> "Should after see me *mayld up in a sheet*,
> Doe shameful penance three times in the street."

See, also, Love's Labour's Lost, Act iii. sc. 1, note 10. H.

[5] Deep-fetched.

[6] That is, careful, circumspect.

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.[7]
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.[8]

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;

[7] See Act i. sc. 3, note 6.

[8] The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarce an improvement of twenty-three in the quarto:

"Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster! can I endure this and live?
Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land;
But so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.—
Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As, sure, it shortly will. For Suffolk, he,—
The new-made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.'

And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,[9]
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before? This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;[10]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

[9] *Scath* is *harm, mischief*, used by all our ancient writers. The word is still in use in Scotland.

[10] That is, the world may look again favourably on me.

Glo Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct[11] of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.[12]

[*Exeunt.*

[11] For conductor.

[12] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

King. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself?
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin,
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,

Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond,[1] call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham, and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.[2]

Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.[3]
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,[4]
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,

[1] *Fond* was continually used for *foolish*, *weak*.

[2] Malone marked every line of this speech as altered from the quarto. In fact it is just half as long there as it is here. H.

[3] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. Camden says that *majesty* came into use in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, as *sacred majesty* lately, in our memory. Selden says that this must be understood so far as it relates to the title being "commonly in use, and properly to the king applied," because he addduces an instance of the use of *majesty* so early as the reign of Henry the Second.

[4] That is, valuing himself on his high descent.

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well-given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?[5]

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.[6]
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear[7] ere along,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suff. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet[8] thou shalt not see me blush,

[5] Here, again, the Poet anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 23th of the same month Gloster was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this parliament. H.

[6] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on this disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss.

[7] For this use of *gear* see Act i. sc. 4, note 2.

[8] This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio reads 'Well, Suffolk, thou," &c. Malone reads "Well, Suffolk's duke' &c., from the quarto

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God.

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers

I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suff. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects:[9]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

[9] The original has *suspence* here, which Steevens changed to *suspects* E.

By false accuse[10] doth level at my life
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest[11] liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together —
Myself had notice of your conventicles, -
And all to make away my guiltless life.[12]
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt
The ancient proverb will be well effected,[13] —
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

[10] For *accusation.*

[11] *Liefest* is *dearest.* See Act i. sc. 1, note 2.

[12] This line was omitted, accidentally no doubt, in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell. From thence the omission has been derived into many modern editions, and, among others, into Singer's and Knight's. The merit of the restoration belongs to Mr Collier. For another like omission, see The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. sc. 3, note 1. H.

[13] That is, *well carried into effect*, or, as it is in the quarto, *per form'd.* Modern editors generally have changed *effected* into *affected*, out of which it seems not easy to gather any congruent meaning. — Perhaps this speech as it stands in the quarto will further a right judgment as to the original authorship of the play

> "An, gracious Heury! these days are dangerous:
> And would my death might end these miseries,
> And stay their moods for good King Henry's sake
> But I am made the prologue to their play,
> And thousands more must follow after me,
> That dread not yet their lives' destruction.
> Suffolk's hateful tongue *blabs his heart's malice;*
> *Beaufort's fiery eyes* show his envious mind;
> Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts;
> *And dogged York, that levels at the moon,*
> Whose overweening arm I have held back;
> All you have joined to betray me thus:
> And you, my gracious lady and sovereign mistress,
> Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
> I shall not want false witnesses enough,
> That so, amongst you, you may have my life.
> The proverb no doubt will be perform'd, —
> A staff is quickly found to beat a dog." H.

Card. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed:
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.[14]

[*Exeunt Attendants, with* GLOSTER.

[14] This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Oftimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honor, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived." H.

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong.
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none." [*Exit.*

Queen. Free lords,[15] cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

[15] Warburton thinks that by "*free* lords" Margaret means "you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Card. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suff. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suff. Ah, York! no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.[16]—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live." It was shown, in The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, note 3, and in Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 4, note 3, that *free* meant *pure, chaste*, and consequently *virtuous*. This may be the meaning here; unless the reader would rather believe that it means *free-born, noble*, which was the sense of its Saxon original.

[16] York had more reason for desiring Humphrey's death, because he stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself in his ambitious views. Thus in a future passage he says,—

"For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me."

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madam, 'tis true: And were't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.[17]
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[18] him first, that first intends deceit.

[17] That is, "as Humphrey *is* prov'd by reasons *to be an enemy* to my liege." H.

[18] To *mate* or *amate* was often used in the sense of *destroy confound*, or *overcome*. See Macbeth, Act v. sc. 1, note 4. Mr Dyce, however, says,—"I incline to believe that Percy was right when he observed that *mates* is used here with an allusion to chess-playing. Palsgrave, in his *Lesclarcissement*, 1530, gives not only 'I *mate* or over ome, *Ie amatte*,' but also 'I *mate* at the chesses, *Ie matte*.' And in Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso* we have both *amated* in the sense of confounded, and *mated* with an allusion to chess.

"The wound was great, but yet did greater show;
Which sight faire Isabella much *amated*:
The Prince, that seemed not the same to know,
With force increased rather than abated,
Upon the Pagans brow gave such a blow
As would, no doubt, have made him *checkt and mated*,
Save that, as I to you before rehearst,
His armour was not easie to be pierst." H.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[19]

Card. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure[20] well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly[21] who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Card. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:

[19] That is, "I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he shall see."

[20] That is, *judge* or *think* well of it.

[21] That is, it *matters* not, or *signifies* not; a frequent use of *skills* in the old writers. See The Taming of the Shrew, Act iii sc. 2, note 11. H.

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet[22] policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What! worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Card. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suff. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

[22] Far-fetched.

Suff. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Card. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days.
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.[23]

Suff. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

[23] York is here represented as just going to do what he has before been spoken of as having already done. See Act i. sc. 1, note 10. Holinshed, relating the events that fell out soon after the parliament at Bury, has the following: "About the same time also began a new rebellion in Ireland; but Richard, duke of Yorke, being sent thither to appease the same, so asswaged the furie of the wild and savage people there, that he wan him such favour amongst them, as could never be separated from him and his linage." While York was thus winning in Ireland, Somerset was losing all in France. In reference to which losses, the same chronicler states that "sir David Hall with diverse of his trustie freends departed to Chierburgh, and from thence sailed into Ireland to the duke of Yorke, making relation to him of all these doings; which thing kindled so great rancour in the dukes heart and stomach, that he never left persecuting the duke of Somerset, until he had brought him to his fatal end and confusion." It was during his stay in Ireland that York first gathered about him an army and formed it to his purpose; and it was upon the knowledge of his having landed in England with that army headed against the king, that Somerset hastened over from France to thwart him. This was the return of Somerset mentioned in note 5 of this scene. H.

And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[24]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;[25]
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine:
And in the end being rescu'd, I have seen

[24] A *flaw* is a violent gust of wind.

[25] *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, who served as light armed foot soldiers. For some account of them see Macbeth, Act i. sc. 2, note 2; Richard II., Act ii. sc. 1, note 15; and Henry V., Act iii. sc. 7, note 2.

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,[26]
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.[27] [*Exit.*

[26] A dancer in a morris dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's Glossography, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his Italian Dictionary, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."

[27] There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportune to his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favourable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the Poet's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion, of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three. K

SCENE II. Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk: let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suff. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house:
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

Suff. Away, be gone![1] [*Exeunt Murderers*

[1] The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the duke of Gloster was murdered, by procurement of the queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the Poet's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, abbot of St. Albans and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes, scorpiones, impii susurrones.* And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness. 'Fecit eum arrestari, ponique in

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and Others.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

King. Lords, take your places: — And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much. —

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forefend!

Card. God's secret judgment! — I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*

tam arta custodia, quod præ tristitia decideret in lectum ægritudinis, et infra paucos dies posterius secederet in fata.'" He was arrested on the second day of the parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives this character of him: "He was an upright and politike governour, bending all his indevours to the advancement of the commonwealth; verie loving to the poore commons, and so beloved of them againe; learned, wise, full of courtesie, void of pride and ambition, as where it is most commendable." H.

Queen. How fares my lord?- Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suff. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.

King. O, heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suff. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry comfort!

King. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,[2]

[2] The *basilisk*, from βασιλισκος. is so called, says Richardson "either because it hath on its head something white like a diadem, or because all other kinds of serpents flee from its superior strength." Thus in Holland's Pliny: "The like propertie hath the serpent called a *basiliske*:—a white spot or starre it carrieth on the head, and setteth it out like a coronet or diadem." The old notion touching this serpent is shown by Chaucer in The Persones Tale: "That sleth right as the *Basilicok* sleth folk by venime of his sight." So in Albion's England:

"That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flie,
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me,[3] more wretched than he is.

What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

Under this notion Shakespeare has several allusions to "that beast." Thus in The Winter's Tale, Act i. sc. 2:

"Make me not sighted like the *basilisk:*
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so."

[3] That is, let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

Erect his statua,[4] and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind[5] from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on
shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish[6] Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,

[4] *Statue* was sometimes used as a word of three syllables, and is so here. Through ignorance, perhaps, or oversight of this, modern editors have inserted *then* after *statue*. H.

[5] The same uncommon epithet is applied to the wind by Marlowe in his Edward II.: "With *awkward winds*, and with sore tempests driven." And by Drayton, Epistle from Richard II. to Queen Isabell:

> "And undertook to travaile dangerous waies.
> Driven by *awkward winds* and boisterous seas."

[6] The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy: "Let not my sins *perish* you noble youth." And in their Honest Man's Fortune: "And miseries have *perish'd* his good face."

I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land: The sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch[7] me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the Door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

[7] The original reads *watch*; but the use of *witch'd* just below ascertains that it should be *witch* here. Of course every tolerable school-boy will remember that it was not Ascanius, but Cupid in the form of Ascanius, that *bewitched* Dido with the tale of 'father Æneas.' R.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner Room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

King. O, Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his Bed,* WARWICK *and Others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For, seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,

I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suff. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,[8]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suff. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

[8] That is, a *body* from which the soul had *lately* parted. *Ghost* was often used thus for *corpse* by the old writers. In a subsequent passage of the original play the word *ghost* is again used as in the present instance. Young Clifford, addressing himself to his father's *dead body*, says,—

"A dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
All smear'd and welter'd in his lukewarm blood!
Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghost* I swear."

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt the Cardinal,* SOMERSET, *and Others*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevilles' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st:
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suff. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their Weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand apart the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died
They say, in him they fear your highness' death:
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,-
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm[9] might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

Suff. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint[10] an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[11] of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—

[9] Deadly serpent.

[10] The original meaning of *quaint*, from *cointe*, French, and *comptus*, Latin, is curiously or artfully decked or trimmed. Here, accordingly, it bears the sense of *cunning, dexterous;* as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 1: "Yes, yes; the lines are very *quaintly* writ." H.

[11] *Set* or *company*. See Act ii. sc. 1, note 8.

He shall not breathe infection in this air[12]
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Queen. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word:
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.[13]—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt the* KING, WARWICK, *Lords, &c*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

[12] That is, he shall not *infect*, or breathe infection *into*, this air.

[13] The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a colour to be committed to the Tower; where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the kings favour, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the king perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colourable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe." H.

Suff. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[14]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees![15]
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

[14] The old superstition touching the *mandrake* is thus exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, Book ii. chap. 6: "The third affirmeth the roots of mandrakes do make a noise, or give a shriek, upon eradication; which is indeed ridiculous, and false below confute; arising, perhaps, from a small and stridulous noise, which, being firmly rooted, it maketh upon divulsion of parts. The last concerneth the danger ensuing; that there follows an hazard of life to them that pull it up; that some evil fate pursues them, and they live not long after. Therefore the attempt hereof, among the ancients, was not in ordinary way; but, as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the wind thereof, and, with a sword describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking westward." H.

[15] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant.

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings![16]
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suff. You bade me ban,[17] and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee![18]
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

[16] This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The *lizard* has no sting, and is quite harmless.

[17] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

[18] That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:[19]

[19] So in Macbeth, Act v. sc. 1: "Infected minds to their dear pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the quarto:

And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[20]
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

"Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447, which was six weeks after the death of Gloster. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Holinshed, following Hall, dismisses him thus: "He was descended of an honorable linage, but born in hast, more noble in blood than notable in learning, hautie in stomach, and high of countenance, rich above measure, but not verie liberall, disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship, manie things beginning and few performing, saving in malice and mischief; his insatiable covetousnesse and hope of long life made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe." See, also, the First Part, Act i. sc. 1, note 6. Lingard vindicates him, and the vindication cannot well be upset: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shakespeare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations: no less a sum than four thousand pounds was set aside for the relief of indigent prisoners in the capital; and the hospital of St. Cross in the vicinity of Winchester, still exists a durable monument of his munificence." H.

[20] Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where,[21] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[22] that shall find thee out.

Suff. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st cask,
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally*

[21] *Where* for *whereas*; as in other places.
[22] *Iris* was the messenger of Juno

SCENE III. London.

Cardinal BEAUFORT's Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The Cardinal in Bed; Attendants with him.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Card. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.[1]

King. Ah! what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Card. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

[1] This scene was evidently founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story, and adds that three weeks before his death the cardinal had himself carried into the great hall of his palace, where the clergy of the city and monks of the cathedral were assembled. "There he sat or lay while a dirge was sung, the funeral ceremony performed, and his will publicly read. The next morning they were assembled again: a mass of requiem was celebrated, and his will was again read, with the addition of several codicils. He then took leave of all, and was carried back to his chamber." H.

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him —
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O, thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.[2] [*Exeunt.*

[2] Of this wonderful scene the quarto has a full outline and some of the most Shakespearian touches which we must needs subjoin:

"*Card.* O, death! if thou will let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.

King. O, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled!
Lord cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.

Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and Others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other Gentlemen, Prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful[1] day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;[2]
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
O, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face! Look, look! comb down his hair!
So, now he's gone again: O, O, O!

Sal. See, how the pangs of death do gripe his heart!

King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us —
O see! he dies, and makes no sign at all.
O God! forgive his soul.

Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd." H.

[1] *Remorseful* is pitiful. — "The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*." — *Johnson.*

[2] The chariot of the night is supposed by Shakespeare to be drawn by dragons. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii sc 2, note 29.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK,] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?[3]

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. [*To* SUFFOLK.] I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

[3] Modern editions, generally, following Malone, leave out the interrogation mark here, and supply *cannot* at the beginning of the line. Of course the interrogative form strengthens the negative sense. The design of the Captain, in seeming to scorn "such a petty sum," probably is, to make them the more forward to pay the ransom. H.

Suff. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suff. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die:[4]
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suff. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suff. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?[5]

[4] Of course this refers to the prediction of the Spirit in Act i. sc. 4. — Thus Drayton, in Queen Margaret's Epistle to this duke of Suffolk: —

> "I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass;
> Never the sea yet half so dangerous was;
> And one foretold by *water* thou shouldst die."

A note on these lines says, "The witch of Eye received answer from the spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*."

[5] This line is supplied from the quarto, being plainly necessary to introduce the next speech.

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suff. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.[6]
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret!
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.[7]
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suff. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suff. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.[8]
Suff. Poole?

[6] A *jaded groom* is a low fellow. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great-grandfather had been a merchant at Hull. If Shakespeare had known his pedigree he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.

[7] Pride that has had birth too soon.

[8] These words and the following, *Poole?* are taken from the quarto, the sense evidently requiring them

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy[9] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York — thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny, —
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun,[10] striving to shine,

[9] To betroth in marriage.

[10] Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud. — *Camden's Remaines*

Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—convey him hence.

Suff. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace,[11] threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[12]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suff. Pene gelidus timor occupat artus:[13]—it is thee I fear.

[11] A *pinnace* then signified a ship of small burthen, built for speed. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 3, note 11.

[12] "*Bargulus*, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit." — *Cicero de Officiis.* Shakespeare, as Dr. Farmer has shown, might have met with this pirate in some of the translations of his time: he points out two in which he is mentioned. In the old play it is, "Abradas the great Macedonian pirate."

[13] The source from whence this line was extracted has not yet been discovered. The following lines are the nearest which have been found in the Classic Poets:

"Subitus tremor occupat artus."
Virg. Æn. v. 446.

"Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*."
Ovid. Metam. iv. 247.

"Navitæ, confessu gelido pallore timorem."
De Tristib. El. iii. 113

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suff. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suff. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[14]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the Great;[15] and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE *and Others*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

[14] A *bezonian* is a mean low person.

[15] Pompey was killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing boat in which they were reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea; a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the Poet's memory; though his mention of it is not quite accurate.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *Body*.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit*

1 *Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.[16]
[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE II. Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

[16] The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was incountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveied to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried" His death was in May, 1450.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, — labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say, as, — let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham, —

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

John. — and Dick the butcher, —

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. — and Smith the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver*, *and Others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[1]

[1] Tom Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put red herrings in cades, and from him they have their name." — *Lenten Stuffe.* — *Cade*, however, is derived from *cadus*, Latin, a cask. We may add, from the accounts of the Cellaress of the Abbey of Barking in the Monasticon Anglicanum, "a barrel of herryng shold con

Cade. — for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. — my mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a mid wife.

Cade. — my wife descended of the Lacys: —

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was indeed a pedler's daugh ter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. — therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.[2]

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.[3]

tain a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred." Cade, with more learning than should naturally fall to his character, alludes to his name from *cado*, to fall.

[2] "Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place, for harlots and vagabonds, we call *cages*." — *Baret.*

[3] A quibble is most probably intended between two senses o

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;[4] and I will make it felony, to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be,) —

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money:[5] all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

he word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well rid*, hat is, long worn.

[4] These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash. in his Pierce Pennilesse, says, "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were inven ld to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

[5] "To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man were contented with his own share of the goods of life." — *Johnson*

Enter Some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,[6] and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt Some with the Clerk.*

[6] That is, bonds.

[7] That is, on the top of Letters Missive and such like public acts. Thus, in the old anonymous play of King Henry V., the archbishop of Bruges says,—"I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*." The king answers,—"Deliver him safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel*."

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:[8]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

[8] I care not, I pay them no regard.

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be."

Drayton's Quest of Cynthia

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true: therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself.—Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that

that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and, more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then; I ask but this:— Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away! and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;[9]
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march! forward!

[*Exeunt*

[9] Shoes.

SCENE III. Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.[1]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less This monument of the victory will I bear;[2] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

[1] That is, to kill flesh-meat for *ninety-nine persons*, throughout twice the usual term of Lent. The corresponding passage in the quarto is,—"Thou shalt have license to kill for four-score and one *a week*." Malone, and others following him, think to make the text clearer by adding the words *a week* from the quarto; whereas such addition has rather the contrary effect. Reference is had to an order of Elizabeth's time strictly enjoining upon butchers not to sell flesh-meat in Lent; which order was not so much with a religious view, as to diminish the consumption of flesh during that season, and so make it more plentiful the rest of the year, and also to encourage the fisheries, and augment the number of seamen. Butchers, however, who had interest at court were often favoured with a special dispensation from this order, on the pretence of supplying invalids who could not subsist without animal food. H.

[2] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So Holinshed: "Jack Cade, upon his victorie against the Staffords, apparelled himselfe in sir Humfries brigandine, set full of gilt nailes, and so in some glorie returned againe toward London."

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come let's march towards London. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a Supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *Head.*

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate:
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lay on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark! Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

King. O, graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger

[1] *Killingworth* is the ancient form of *Kenilworth*, and occurs frequently in Holinshed and other old writers. In modern editions the name has been unwarrantably changed into the modern form

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge the citizens
Fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

King. [*To Lord* SAY.] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, *and Others, on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter JACK CADE, *and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.[1]

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire;[2] and, if

[1] "He also put to execution in Southwarke diverse persons, some for breaking this ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewray his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer." — *Holinshed.*

[2] At that time London-bridge was of wood: the houses upon

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter on one Side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH.[1] *They fight; the Citizens are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs: — Now go some and pull down the Savoy;[2] others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.[3]

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

it were actually burnt in this rebellion. Hall says "he entered London, and cut the ropes of the draw-bridge."

[1] Holinshed calls Matthew Gough "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king his father."

[2] This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never rebuilt till Henry VI. founded the hospital.

[3] "It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride that within four daies *all the laws of England should come foorth of his mouth.*" — *Holinshed*

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens,[4] and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. -Ay, thou say,[5] thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd;[6] and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity,

[4] A *fifteen* was the *fifteenth part* of all the moveables, or personal property of each subject.

[5] *Say* is a kind of thin woollen stuff or serge.

[6] Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. Yet Meerman, in his Origines Typographicæ, has availed himself of this passage to support his hypothesis that printing was introduced into England by Frederic Corsellis, one of Coster's workmen, from Haerlem in the time of Henry VI. Shakespeare's anachronisms are not more extraordinary than those of his contemporaries Spenser mentions cloth made at Lincoln in the ideal reign of King Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period with cloth of Arras and of Tours.

thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,[7] dost thou not?[8]

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

[7] A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse: it was sometimes made of velvet and bordered with gold lace. This is a reproach truly characteristic: nothing gives so much offence to the lower orders as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

[8] A comparison of this speech as it is in the quarto will show that it gained nothing in humour by the revisal: "Come hither, thou Say, thou George (serge.) thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house tha daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up only for which cause they were most worthy to live." H.

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civilest place of all this isle:[9]
Sweet is the country, because full of riches:
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

[9] "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi, qui Cantium incolunt." — *Cæsar.* Thus translated by A. R. Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of the isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-folke." It is said also in the same words in Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1580.

[10] Of course lord Say here addresses the *Kentish* people by the name *Kent*. It were needless to say this, but that, from the

Geo. O, monstrous coward! what! to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for[11] watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.[12]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak!
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[13]
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words;

want of a comma after Kent in the folio, certain editors have thought the passage corrupt, and so undertaken to mend it. H

[11] That is, *because of*.

[12] These it should seem, were a sort of cant phrases for *hanging*, and *beheading*, or, perhaps, hanging and *quartering*. Dr Farmer, and others following him, have thought that "the *help* of hatchet" should be "the *pap of a* hatchet," and have changed the text accordingly; their only authority being, that Lyly wrote a tract entitled "Pap with an Hatchet; alias, A Fig for my God son; or, Crack me this Nut; that is, a sound Box of the Ear. H.

[13] That is, these hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood.

but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar[14] under his tongue: he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.[15]

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt Some, with Lord* SAY.
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall

[14] A demon who was supposed to attend at call.

[15] The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the draw-bridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither comming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be arreigned; who, being before the kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plee, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entred into the citie againe and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."

hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?[16]

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-Street! down St. Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

[16] A quibble is here intended between *bills of debt or credit* and the weapons used by watchmen and soldiers, which were also called *bills*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 3, note 8 Also. As You Like It, Act i. sc. 2, note 5. H.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, while 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recov ered your ancient freedom: but you are all recre ants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with bur dens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me, — I will make shift for one; and so — God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying— *Villiaco!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy
To France, to France! and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Killingworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of the Castle.*

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S *Followers, with Halters about their Necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,[1]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His aims[2] are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd,[3] and boarded with a pirate:
But now[4] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

[1] "The *Galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary foot-soldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly good markmen." — *Stanihurst's Description of Ireland.*

[2] The first folio has *arms* here, the second *armies*. Mr. Dyce has pointed out several instances in the old copies where we have *arm* misprinted for *aim*; and he adds, — "There cannot be a shadow of doubt that the true reading is *aims*." H.

[3] The first folio reads *calme*; which may be right. The second folio printed by mistake *claimed*; and the third folio *calm'd*. This reading has been adopted as most perspicuous.

[4] *But* is here not adversative. "It was only *just now*."

Son. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms:
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good; for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.[1]

[1] Of course Cade is punning on the word *sallet*, which meant a *helmet* as well as a *preparation of herbs*. In illustration of the text, Mr. Collier produces an apt passage from an Interlude written as early as 1537, where the hero, Thersites, applies to

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;[2]
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come and rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet.

Mulciber for a suit of armour, and Mulciber pretends to misunderstand him:

> "*Thersites.* Nowe, I pray Jupiter, that thou dye a cuckold: I mean a *sallet* with which men do fyght.
> *Mulciber.* It is a small tastinge of a mannes might, That he should for any matter Fyght with a few *herbes in a platter.*" H.

[2] The original has *warning*, which was corrected by Pope. In the preceding line *is* is understood before *worth*. H.

come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,[3] I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,[4]
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turn'd to hob-nails. [*They fight:* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

[3] For an explanation of this phrase see 2 Henry IV., Act v sc. 3, note 10. H.

[4] Johnson explains this, "As for words, whose pomp and rumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them *and refer the rest to my sword.*"

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.[5]

[*Exeunt, dragging out the Body.*

[5] The Poet has here wandered from the line of historical fact with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight was on the 9th of July, 1450, and his death but two days after. H.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one Side: on the other, enter YORK *attended, with Drum and Colours; his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud! burn, bonfires, clear and bright
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.[1]
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;[2]
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

[1] That is, balance my hand.
[2] York means, "If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a sceptre."

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.
O, Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while.
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part,
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.[3]

[3] York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the king a promise that he would call a parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the king went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the king that his coming was but to remove certain evil counsellors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my pow-
ers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves.
Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field;
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *Head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

open parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieug of the duke and his people, that the duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some say, or else commanded to keepe himselfe privie in his owne house for a time." H.

May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

King. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Nor fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not, rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom Heaven created for thy ruler.[4]

Som. O, monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[5]

[4] The whole of this speech is marked by Malone as altered from the quarto; which makes it desirable, perhaps, to have both forms at hand for comparison:

"Who's that? proud Somerset at liberty?
Base, fearful Henry, that thus dishonour'st me,
By Heaven, thou shalt not govern over me:
I cannot brook that traitor's presence here;
Nor will I subject be to such a king,
That knows not how to govern nor to rule.
Resign thy crown, proud Lancaster, to me,
That thou usurped hast so long by force;
For now is York resolv'd to claim his own,
And rise aloft into fair England's throne." H.

[5] The original has *thee* here, which makes the passage so incoherent that it seems strange why any one should reject Theobald's emendation. Collier, however, retains *thee*. Of course York must be supposed to point towards his sons, who are in sight.—Holinshed may have furnished the following basis for this part of the scene: "The duke of Yorke the first of March dissolved his armie, brake up his campe, and came to the kings tent, where, contrarie to his expectation, and against promise made by the

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an Attendant*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,[6]
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD,[7] *with Forces, at one Side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

king, (as other write,) he found the duke of Summerset going at large and set at libertie, whome the duke of Yorke boldlie accused of treason, briberie, oppression, and manie other crimes. The duke of Summerset not onlie made answer to the dukes objections, but also accused him of high treason, affirming, that he with his fautors and complices had consulted togither, how to come by the scepter and regall crowne of this realme. By meanes of which words the king remooved streight to London, and the duke of York as prisoner rode before him, and so was kept awhile" H.

[6] Custody, confinement.

[7] At this time, 1452, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the councell treated of saving or dispatching the duke of Yorke, a rumor sprang through London, that Edward earle of March, sonne and heire-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the queene and the whole councell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the councell set the duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales;

Queen. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To Bedlam[8] with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.[9]

by whose absence the duke of Summerset rose in such high favour, both with the king and queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard." H.

[8] This "hospitall for distracted people" was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem;*" which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam.*— In this part of the scene, the Poet, in order to come at once upon the battle of St. Albans, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the king having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the king's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle." H.

[9] It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice: "The duke of Summerset, which now conceived in his mind the thing that shortlie followed, incessantlie exhorted the councell, that the duke of Yorke might be driven to confesse his offence, that so, being atteinted of treason, he might suffer execution, and his children to be taken as adversaries to their native countrie." — *Holinshed*

Queen He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[10]
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,[11]
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape![12]

[10] The Nevilles, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their crest.

[11] "*Being suffer'd* to approach the bear's fell paw" may be the meaning; but it is probable that *suffer'd* is used for *made to suffer*.

[12] In the stage-direction of the quarto we have,—"Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March, and *crook-b ick*

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What! wilt thou on thy death bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,

Richard, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers." — The Poet here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of King Richard II.; and, indeed, the thing is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play. H.

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,[13]
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear

[13] A *burgonet* is a helmet; a Burgundian's steel cap or casque.

Y. Clif. And so to arms! victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,[14] that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. St. Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what! all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

[14] One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. It was originally and properly "a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime; one notably defamed for naughtiness."

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit* WARWICK.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both! —

York. A dreadful lay![1] — address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be Thy will![2]

[*Exit.*

[1] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

[2] The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the Third Part the Poet represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his Father's Body*
And the premised[3] flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease![4]—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

[3] *Premised* is sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

[4] To *cease* was sometimes used actively for to *stop*, or to *cause to cease*. Thus in Timon of Athens, Act ii. sc. 1: "Be not *ceas'd* with slight denial." — *Achieve*, in the next line, has the sense of *reach*, or *arrive at*. — *Advised*, second line below, is *experienced* an usage not uncommon with Shakespeare. R.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:[5]
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the Body*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[6]—

[5] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her.

[6] Referring to the prediction of the Spirit in Act i. sc. 4. The matter is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "The fight for a time was right sharpe and cruell; for the duke of Summerset, with other lords, comming to the succour of their companions that were put to the woorse, did what they could to beat backe the enimies: but the duke of Yorke sent ever fresh men to succour the wearie, and to supplie the places of them that were hurt, whereby the kings armie was finallie brought low, and all of the cheefteins of the field slaine and beaten downe. For there died under the signe of the castell, Edmund duke of Summerset, who, as hath beene reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels." This Edmund was brother to John Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, and succeeded to his title at his death in 1432. He was the king's nearest surviving relative, being grandson to John of Ghent, and, after the fall of Suffolk, was looked to and trusted by his royal kinsman as a counterpoise to the ambition of York. He left three sons, Henry, Edmund, and John, who, says the chronicler, "to the extremitie of death tooke part with the line of king Henrie" H.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and Others, retreating.*

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present party.
Away for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Fields near St. Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[1]
Repairs him with occasion: this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him;[2] thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd Him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—

[1] That is, the height of youth: the *brow* of a hill is its summit

[2] That is, three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him defended him till he recovered. This act of friendship Shakespeare has frequently mentioned. See 1 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 1. note 7.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:[3]
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.[4]

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
St. Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

[3] That is, we have not *secured* that which we have *acquired.*

[4] That is, being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. To *repair*, in ancient language, was to *renovate*, to restore to a former condition.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH resumes the course of history just where it paused at the close of the preceding play, and carries it on from the first battle of St. Albans, May, 1455, till the death of King Henry, which took place in May, 1471. And the connection of this play with the foregoing is much the same as that between the First Part and the Second, there being no apparent reason why the Third should begin where it does, but that the Second ended there. The parliamentary doings, which resulted in a compromise of the two factions, are here set in immediate juxtaposition with the first battle of St. Albans, whereas in fact they were separated by an interval of more than five years. Nevertheless, the arrangement is a very judicious one; for that interval was marked by little else than similar scenes of slaughter, which had no decisive effect on the relative condition of parties; so that the representing of them would but have encumbered the drama with details without helping on the purpose of the work. Not so, however, with the battle of Wakefield, which followed hard upon those doings in parliament; for this battle, besides that it yielded matter of peculiar dramatic interest in itself, had the effect of kindling that inexpressible rage and fury of madness, which it took such rivers of blood to slake. For historians note that from this time forward the war was conducted with the fiercest rancour and exasperation, each faction seeming more intent to butcher than to subdue the other. The cause of this demoniacal enthusiasm could not well be better presented than it is in the wanton and remorseless savagery displayed at the battle in question. And the effect is answerably told in the next battle represented, where the varying fortune and long-doubtful issue served but to multiply and deepen the horrors of the tragedy. Even the pauses of the fight are but occupied in blowing hotter the passion and bracing firmer the purpose of the combatants; while the reflection of the King,

whose gentle nature suffers alike in the success and the defeat of his party, solemnly moralize the scene, and render it the more awfully impressive by drawing in a remembrance of the homely rural contentment which has been scared away. His plaintive and pathetic musing is aptly followed by a strain of wailing, wafted, as it were, from the grand chorus of woe and anguish which the nation strikes up, on finding that in the blind tearing rage of faction the father has unwittingly been slaughtering his son, and the son his father. And such an elegiac tone as here swells upon the hearing is in truth the most natural and fit expression of a meditative patriotism, grieving over wounds which it is powerless to redress.

Thus in these two points of the drama the spirit and temper of the whole war is concentrated. Nor is it easy to see how the materials could have been better selected and disposed, so as to give out their proper significance, without bruising the feelings or distracting the thoughts of the spectator. By the final overthrow of the Lancastrians at Towton, the Yorkists were left to the divulsive energy of their own passions and vices; for in their previous contests had been generated a virulence of self-will that would needs set them at strife with one another when they had no common antagonist to strive against. The overbearing pride and arrogance of Warwick would not brook to be crossed, and the pampered caprice of Edward would not scruple to cross it: the latter would not have fought as he did, but to the end that he might be king; nor would the former have done so much for him, but that he might have a king subject to his control. It is remarkable that the causes of the deadly feud between the king-maker and his royal creature have never been fully explained. History having assigned several, the Poet, even if he had known better, was amply warranted in taking the one that could be made to tell most on the score of dramatic interest. And the scene at the court of Lewis justifies his choice, being, in point of sound stage-effect, probably the best in the play; while the representation, however untrue to fact, is true to the temper, the motives, and character of the parties concerned; so that the Poet may here be said in a justifiable sense to have invented history, gathering up and bodying forth the spirit and life of several years in the form of one brief transaction. With such an occasion, and such an assemblage of character, what a piece of work the Poet would have made in the maturity of his powers, when experience had armed his genius with a proportionable degree of technical skill!

The marriage of King Edward with the lady Elizabeth took place in May, 1464, something more than three years after the battle of Towton. The queen's influence over her husband, resulting in the preferment of her family, gave apt occasion for those discontents and schisms in the faction, which, in whatever

line of conduct he had followed, could not have been long without pretexts. Of course the effect of such schisms was to rally and strengthen the opposite factiou into a renewal of the conflict The capture of Edward by Warwick occurred in the summer of 1469. and was followed by the restoration of Henry, who had been over five years a prisoner in the Tower. The domineering and dictatorial habit of Warwick was not less manifest in his alliance with Henry than it had been with Edward. The earl had given his oldest daughter to Clarence; and as she was to inherit her father's immense estates, he thus seemed to have a sure hold on her husband. But the duke appears to have regarded the marriage as offering him a prospect of the throne; so that the maiu cord between them was broken when Warwick gave his second daughter to the son of Henry. In October, 1470, Edward made his escape to the continent. The following March he returned, and in about a month was fought the battle of Barnet, where he recovered the throne in spite of Warwick, and therefore had the better chance of keeping it. For this success he was much indebted to the perfidy of Clarence, who, having raised a large body of men by commission from Henry, but with the secret purpose of using them for Edward, a few days before threw off the mask, openly renouncing his father-in-law, and rejoining his brother. The death of Warwick at the battle of Barnet left Edward little to fear, and his security was scarce disturbed by the arrival of Queen Margaret, on the very day of that battle, with aid from France; which aid, together with what remained of Henry's late army, was despatched a few days after in the battle of Tewksbury. Prince Edward being murdered at the close of this last battle, and his father in the Tower about two weeks later, the Lancastrian line of princes was now extinct, so that its partizans had no inducement to prolong the terrible contest.

Further particulars of the history will be given from time to time in our notes. By a little attention to the dates it will be seen that throughout this play the Poet keeps to the actual order of events. And a more careful observation will readily perceive, that out of a large mass of materials Shakespeare judiciously selected such portions, and arranged them in such fashion, as might well convey in dramatic form the true historical scope and import of the whole. As the period brought forth little that was memorable save battles, all of which were marked by much the same bloodthirstiness of spirit, it was scarce possible to avoid an unusual degree of sameness in the action of the play; and the Poet seems to have made the most of whatever means were at hand for giving variety to the scenes. Such are the angry bickerings in parliament at the beginning; the cruel slaughter of young Rutland, and the fiendish mockeries heaped upon York, at Wakefield; the lyrical unbosomings of Henry when chidden from the field by Clifford, and when taken prisoner by the huntsmen; the wooing

of lady Elizabeth by Edward, and the biting taunts and sarcasms which his brothers vent upon him touching his marriage; and especially the passages between Lewis, Margaret, Oxford, and Warwick, at the French court; in some of which the Poet seems rather to have overworked his matter of purpose to relieve and diversify the representation. Yet this play is by no means equal to the Second Part in variety of interest; and, but for the pungent seasoning sprinkled in here and there from the bad heart and busy brain of the precocious Richard, would be in some danger of perishing by its own monotony.

All through this dramatic series the delineation of the meek and inoffensive Henry is wrought out with studious care and consistency from the character ascribed to him in the Chronicles. His leading traits and dispositions are thus summed up in Holinshed: "He was of seemly stature, of body slender; his face beautiful, wherein continually was resident the bounty of mind with which he was inwardly indued. Of his own natural inclination he abhorred all the vices as well of the body as of the soul. He was plain, upright, far from fraud, wholly given to prayer, reading of Scriptures, and alms-deeds; of such integrity of life, that the bishop, which had been his confessor ten years, avouched that he had not all that time committed any mortal crime; so continent, as suspicion of unchaste life never touched him. So far he was from covetousness, that when the executors of his uncle, surnamed the rich cardinal, would have given him two thousand pounds, he plainly refused it, willing them to discharge the will of the departed, and would scarcely accept the same sum toward the endowing of his colleges in Cambridge and Eton. He was so pitiful, that when he saw the quarter of a traitor against his crown over Crip plegate he willed it to be taken away, with these words, — 'I will not have any Christian so cruelly handled for my sake.' Many great offences he willingly pardoned; and receiving at a time a great blow by a wicked man which compassed his death, he only said, — 'Forsooth, forsooth, ye do foully to smite a king anointed so.'"

The Poet's representation is in the main but a temperate filling-up and colouring of this historical sketch and outline. The three plays embrace the whole period of the king's life; and in the child of the First Part a steady eye will readily discern the rudiments of what afterwards appears more fully developed in the man; the lines of his individuality meantime growing imperceptibly firmer, while years bring with them a riper thoughtfulness, and a more considerate, though hardly less passive virtue. At times he seems quite spirited and energetic, but this is generally under some sudden external pressure, and passes away as soon as he has time to temper and adjust his mind to the exigency. He shows considerable powers of thought and will, but somehow he cannot bring them to move athwart his sense of right; while at

the same time such is his moral and intellectual candour as to render him inaccessible to the sophistries whereby men usually reconcile their conscience to the suggestions of interest or passion: so delicate and sensitive is his rectitude, that he can hardly bear of two evils to choose the least; and his position has always been such as obliged him either to act upon a choice of evils, or else to do nothing. And it is to be noted, withal, that there has ever been a disproportion between his nature and his circumstances, so that the latter could not properly educate the former; whatsoever native principles of energy there were in him having been rather choked down than called forth, by the rampant, undisciplined, overbearing energy of those about him. Thus he is an instance of a truly good man, altogether out of place; and himself fully aware of his unfitness for the place he is in, yet unable to leave it, for the very reason that the staying there involves him in continual self-sacrifice. He would still be a peace-maker, and therefore what he did still resulted in war, because in his circumstances war was the only effectual means of peace. The only impartial man in the kingdom, his impartiality, however, seems rather the offspring of weakness than of principle: yet, while his condition moves our pity, his piety and innocence secure him a share of respect; and we are apt to think of his situation as one where evil has got such head that it must needs take its course and run itself out, there being no way for the good to conquer but by suffering.

One is strongly tempted to run a parallel between Henry VI. and Richard II., as delineated by Shakespeare. To this temptation Hazlitt yielded outright, and perhaps we may as well follow him so far at least as to start the subject. The two kings closely resemble each other in a certain weakness of character, bordering on effeminacy, and this resemblance is made especially apparent by their similarity of state and fortune. Yet this very circumstance, which in almost any other hands would have caused a confounding of the men, seems only to have put Shakespeare upon a more careful discrimination of them. Richard is as selfish as he is weak, and weak, perhaps, partly because of his selfishness. With large and fine powers of mind, still his thinking never runs clear of self, but is all steeped to the core in personal regards: and to him a thing seems right and good only as, for private ends, he wishes to have it so: he can scarce see things to be true or false, but as they serve or thwart his own fancies and pleasures. And because his thoughts do not rise out of self, and stay in the contemplation of general and independent truth, therefore it is that his course of life runs so tearingly a-clash with the laws and conditions of his place. With Henry, on the other hand, disinterestedness is pushed to the degree of an infirmity. He seems to perceive and own truth all the more willingly where it involves a sacrifice of his personal interests and rights; whereas, these being

an essential part of that general truth which maketh strong, a sober and temperate regard to them is among the constituents of wisdom. For a man, especially a king, cannot be wise for others, unless he be so for himself. Thus Henry's weakness seems to spring in part from an excessive disregard of self. He permits the laws to suffer, and in them the people, partly because he cannot vindicate them without, in effect, taking care of his own cause. This trait is finely exemplified in his talk with the keepers who have taken him captive, where he urges the sanctity of an oath he more strictly, that in this instance it makes against himself. Had he been as rigid and exacting in his own case, as he is here in behalf of his rival, their oaths to himself would not have been broken; and for their breach of faith he blames his own remissness, as having caused them to wrong themselves.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the Poet's Laucastrian prejudices as manifested in these plays. One may well be curious to know whether those prejudices are to be held responsible for the portrait of Queen Margaret, wherein we have, so to speak, an abbreviature and sum-total of nearly all the worst vices of her time. The character, however life-like and striking its effect, is coloured much beyond what sober history warrants, though some of the main features are not without a basis of fact, still the composition and expression as a whole has hardly enough of historical truth to render it a caricature. Bold, ferocious, and tempestuous, void alike of delicacy, of dignity, and of discretion, all the bad passions, out of which might be engendered the madness of civil war, seem to flock and hover about her footsteps. Her speech and action, however, impart a wonderful vigour and lustihood to the movement of the drama; and perhaps it was only by exaggerating her or some other of the persons into a sort of representative character, that the springs and processes of that long national bear-fight could be developed in a poetical and dramatic form. Her penetrating intellect and unrestrainable volubility discourse forth the motives and principles of the combatant factions; while in her remorseless impiety and revengeful ferocity is impersonated, as it were, the very genius and spirit of the terrible conflict. So that we may regard her as, in some sort, an ideal concentration of that murderous ecstasy which seized upon the nation. Nor is it inconsiderable that popular tradition, sprung from the reports of her enemies, and cherished by patriotic feeling, had greatly overdrawn her wickedness, that it might have whereon to father the evils resulting from her husband's weakness, and the moral distemper of the times.

The dramatic character of Margaret, whether as transpiring at court or in the field, is sustained at the same high pitch throughout. Afflictions do but open in her breast new founts of embitterment: her speech is ever teeming with the sharp answer that engenders wrath; and out of every wound issues the virulence

that is sure to provoke another blow. And even in the next play, when she is stripped of arms and instruments, so that her thoughts can no longer be embodied in acts, for this very cause her energies concentrate themselves more and more in words: she talks with the greater power and effect, for that she can do nothing else; and her eloquence, while retaining all its point and fluency, waxes the more formidable, that it is the only organ she has left of her will. So that she still appears the same high-grown, wide-branching tree, rendered leafless indeed, and therefore all the fitter for the blasts of heaven to howl and whistle through.

Much might be said by way of explaining how, in the drama, the union of Henry and Margaret has the effect of making them both more and more what they ought not to be; his doing too little evermore stimulating her activity, and her doing too much as constantly opiating his. And by their endeavouring thus to repair each other's excess, that excess is not only heightened in itself, but rendered on both sides more mischievous in its effects, forasmuch as it practically inverts the relation between them: her energy cannot make up for his imbecility, because in either case the quality does not fit the person. For in seeking to make his place good she only displaces both herself and him, and, of course, the more she does out of her place, the more she undoes her cause. All which shows that in such matters it is often of less consequence what is done, than by whom, and how; for the simple reason that the issue depends not so much on the form of the act, as on the manner in which it is viewed by those to whom it refers. Finally, if any one think that Margaret's ferocity is strained up to a pitch incompatible with her sex, and unnecessary for the occasion; perhaps it will be deemed a sufficient answer, that the spirit of such a war could scarce be dramatically conveyed without the presence of a fury, and that the Furies have always been represented as females.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendour; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm

in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend, that with high and low he was in singular favour and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

The representation of Suffolk in the Second Part might also be cited in disproof of Shakespeare's alleged bias to the Lancastrian side. Ambitious, unprincipled, impatient of every one's pride and purpose but his own, a thorough-paced scoundrelism is depicted in him without mitigation or remorse. Yet if his dramatic character be compared with the worst that history has alleged concerning him, the portrait will probably appear to have rather the overcolouring of a young author aiming at effect, than the temperance and moderation of conscious strength. Generally, however, the Second Part and the Third are in effect a pretty fair revivification of history, in that they set before us an overgrown nobility, a giant race of iron-bound warriors, who being choked off from foreign conquest, and unused to the arts of peace, their high-strung energies got corrupted into fierce hatreds and revengeful passions; and they had no refuge from the gnawings of pride and ambition, but to struggle and fight at home for that distinction which they had been bred to anticipate by fighting abroad.

In the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in King Richard III. we have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the History of his life and reign, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject, who was afterwards Cardinal, Primate of England, and Lord Chancellor to Henry VII. More's History, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed into their Chronicles. In that noble piece of composition the main features of the subject are digested and drawn together as follows:

"Richard, the third son, was in wit and courage equal with either of them, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage; malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is reported that he came into the world with the feet forward, and not untoothed; whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginning, which in his life many things unnaturally committed. Free he was called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal: with large gifts he gat him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and gat him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not for evil will always, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate." In another place he is spoken of thus: "His face was small, but such, that at the first aspect a man would judge it to savour and smell of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing, he would bite and chaw his nether lip; as who said, that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet: besides that, the dagger which he ware he would, when he studied, with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out." And elsewhere he is noted by the same writer as being inordinately fond of splendid and showy dress, thus evincing an intense craving to be "look'd on in the world;" to fill the eyes of men, and ride in triumph on their tongues.

It is evident that this furnished the matter and form of the Poet's conception; his character of Richard being little other than the historian's descriptive analysis reduced to dramatic life and expression. In accordance with Shakespeare's usual method, at our first meeting with Richard, in the Second Part, Act v. sc. 1, is suggested the first principle and prolific germ out of which his action is mainly evolved. He is called "foul stigmatic," because the stigma set on his person is both to others the handiest theme of reproach, and to himself the most annoying; like a huge boil on a man's face, which, because of its unsightliness, is the point that his enemies see most, and, because of its soreness, strike first. And his personal deformity is regarded not only as the proper outshaping and physiognomy of a certain original malignity of soul, but as yielding the prime motive of his malignant dealing, in so far as this dealing proceeds from motive as distinguished from impulse; his shape having grown ugly because his spirit was bad, and his spirit growing worse because of his ugly shape. For his ill-looks invite reproach, and reproach quickens and heightens his malice; and because men hate to look on him, he therefore cares all the more to be looked on; and as his aspect

repels admiration, he has no way to win it but by power, that so fear may compel what inclination denies. Thus experience generates in him a most inordinate lust of power; and the circumstantial impossibility of coming at this, save by crime, puts him upon such a course of intellectual training and practice as may enable him to commit crimes, and still avoid the consequences, thus reversing the natural proportion between success and desert.

And his extreme vanity naturally results in a morbid sensitiveness to any signs of neglect or scorn; and these terms being especially offensive and hurtful to himself, he therefore has the greater delight in venting them on others: as taunts and scoffs are a form of power which he feels most keenly, he thence grows to using them as an apt form whereby to make his power felt. For even so bad men naturally covet to be wielding upon others the causes and instruments of their own sufferings. Hence the bitterly sarcastic humour which Richard indulges so freely and with such prodigious effect; as in what he says to the Cliffords, at his first appearance in the play, and again in the dialogue that takes place over the dead body of the younger Clifford. Of course his sensitiveness is keenest touching the very particular wherein his vanity is most thwarted and wounded: he thinks of nothing so much as the ugliness that balks his desire, and resents nothing so sharply as the opinion or feeling it arrays against him. Accordingly his first and heaviest shots of sarcasm are at those who were the first to twit him on that score. And in the scene where Prince Edward is killed, he seems unmoved till the prince hits him in that eye, when his wrath takes fire at once, and bursts out in the reply, — "By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word."

All which indicates the cause of his being so prone to "descant on his own deformity:" his thoughts still brood upon it, because it is the sorest spot in his condition; and because he never forgets it, therefore he is the more intent on turning it into the source of a dearer gratification than any it withholds from him, the consciousness, namely, of such an inward power as can bear him onward and upward in spite of such outward clogs. Thus the shame of personal disgrace, which in a good mind yields apt motive and occasion of a sweet and virtuous life, in the case of Richard inverts itself into a most hateful and malignant form of pride, — the pride of intellectual force and mastery. Hence he comes to glory in the very matter of his shame, to exaggerate it, and hang over it, as serving to approve, to set off, and magnify the strength and fertility of wit whereby he is able to triumph over it; as who would say, — Nature indeed made me the scorn and reproach of men, nevertheless, I have proved too much for her, and made myself their wonder and applause; and though my body be such that men could not bear the sight of me, yet I have managed to charm their eyes.

It should be remarked that Richard, steeped as he is in essential villainy, is actuated by no such "motiveless malignity" as distinguishes Iago. Cruel and unrelenting in pursuit of his end, yet there is no wanton and gratuitous cruelty in him: in all his crimes he has a purpose beyond the act itself. Nor does he seem properly to hate those whom he kills: they stand between him and his ruling passion, and he "has neither pity, love, nor fear," that he should blench or scruple to hew them out of the way. And he has a certain redundant, impulsive, restless activity of nature, that he never can hold still; in virtue of which, as his thought seizes with amazing quickness and sureness where, and when, and how to cut, so he is equally sudden and sure of hand: the purpose flashes upon him, and he instantly darts to the crisis of performance, the thought setting his whole being a-stir with executive transport. It is as if such an excess of life and energy had been rammed into his little body, as to strain and bulge it out of shape.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, King of France.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset,
HENRY HOLLAND, Duke of Exeter,
JOHN DE VERE, Earl of Oxford,
PERCY, Earl of Northumberland,
NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland,
JOHN LORD CLIFFORD,
} Lancastrians.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March,
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, and RICHARD,
} his Sons.
JOHN MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk,
JOHN NEVILLE, Marquess of Montague,
RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick,
WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl of Pembroke,
WILLIAM LORD HASTINGS,
HUMPHREY LORD STAFFORD,
} Yorkists.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} Uncles to the Duke of York.
HENRY TUDOR, Earl of Richmond.
ANTHONY WOODVILLE, Earl Rivers, Brother to Lady Grey
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of York. Tutor to Rutland. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen to Henry VI.
ELIZABETH, LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
LADY BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE I London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK'S *Party break in. Then enter the Duke of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

War. I WONDER how the king escap'd our hands

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.[1]

[1] It was seen in Act v. sc. 2, note 2, of the preceding play, that the circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. As the representation is in both cases the same in the quarto as in the folio, it is obvious that on the principle of Malone's reasoning this discrepancy proves the two parts of the quarto to have been by different hands. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the Poet probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction. — In the present scene Shakespeare brings into close juxtaposition events that were in fact more than five years asunder. The first battle of St. Albans was fought May 22, 1455, and the parliament at Westminster, whose proceedings are here represented, was opened Octo-

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother,[2] here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [*Throwing down* SOMERSET's *Head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close:
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat; possess it York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

ber 7, 1560 In October, 1459, the Yorkists had been dispersed, and the duke himself with his son Edmund had fled to Ireland; but they soon rallied again, and in July, 1460, a terrible battle was fought at Northampton, wherein the Yorkists were again victorious, and got the king into their hands, and compelled him soon after to call the parliament in question. H.

[2] In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the Poet thought that John Neville, marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the earl of Warwick; and the duchess of York, as stated in Act i. sc. 1, note 10, of the preceding play, was half-sister to their father, the earl of Salisbury. H.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you: he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
[*They retire.*
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[3]
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the Throne, who seats himself.*

[3] The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. The quarto has "the proudest *bird* that holds up Lancaster."

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.*

King. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

King. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

King. Ah! know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

King. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.[4]

Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.[5]

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.

King. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

[4] Before these words, Malone very needlessly thrust in "thou art deceiv'd," from the quarto, and subsequent editors generally have followed him. H.

[5] The quarto reads "as the *kingdom* is." Why Shakespeare altered it, it is not easy to say, for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. York means that the *dukedom* was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother. His title to the crown was not as duke of York, but as earl of March, and by naming that he covertly asserts his right to the crown.

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;[6]
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith[7] thou hast lost it all.

[6] It will be remembered that his father was *not* duke of York, but earl of Cambridge, and that even that title was forfeited, leaving the present duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the present king. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, — "He *made* thee duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that not in different plays or scenes, but in different parts of the same scene. H.

[7] *Since;* a contraction of *sithence.* — The following extracts from the Chronicles will show the historical basis of these proceedings. "During the time of this parlement, the duke of Yorke with a bold countenance entered into the chamber of the peeres, and sat downe in the throne roiall, under the cloth of estate, which is the kings peculiar seat, and in the presence of the nobilitie, as well spirituall as temporall, after a pause made, he began to declare his title to the crowne." Then follows the speech which York was said to have made, after which the chroniclers add, — "When the duke had made an end of his oration, the lords sat still as men striken into a certeine amazednesse, neither whispering nor speaking foorth a word, as though their mouthes had been sowed up. The duke, not verie well content with their silence, advised them to consider throughlie, and ponder the whole effect of his words and saiengs; and so neither fullie displeased, nor

King. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose. —
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.
Mont. [*To* YORK.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
King. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: — hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
King. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours — often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow —
Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

yet altogither content, departed to his lodging in the kings palace. The lords forgot not the dukes demand, and, to take some direction therein, diverse of them as spirituall and temporall, with manie grave and sage persons of the commonaltie, dailie assembled at the Blackefriers and other places, to treat of this matter. During which time the duke of Yorke, although he and the king were both lodged in the palace of Westminster, would not for anie praiers or requests once visit the king, till some conclusion were taken in this matter; saieng that he was subject to no man, but only to God, under whose mercie none here superiour but he." H

King. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

King. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say: my title's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

King. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?[8]

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

King. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

King. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,—
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

[8] That is, to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

King. O Clifford! how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign the crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

King. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word:—
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge,[9] and therefore will not yield.

King. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,
To cease this civil war, and whilst I live
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the Throne.*

War. Long live King Henry! — Plantagenet, embrace him.

King. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes![10] [*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

[9] "They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion." — *Johnson.*

[10] The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter amongest the peeres, prelats, and commons, upon the vigill of All-saints it was condescended, for so much as king Henrie had beene taken as

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.[11]

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came

[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WARWICK NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

King. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court

Enter Queen MARGARET *and Prince* EDWARD.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[12] her anger:

I'll steal away.

King. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

King. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,

king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should injoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land. This agreement, put in articles, was ingrossed, sealed, and sworne unto by the two parties, and also enacted in the parlement. For joy whereof the king, having in his companie the duke of Yorke, rode to the cathedrall church of saint Paule in London, and there on the day of All-saints with the crowne on his head went solemnlie in procession, and was lodged a good space in the bishops palace, neere to the said church. And upon the Saturdaie next insuing, Richard duke of Yorke was by sound of trumpet solemnlie proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne of England, and protectour of the realme." All-saints day is November 1. H.

[11] Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

[12] *Bewray* is an old form of *betray*, meaning to discover

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed!

King. Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me, sweet son: —
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge [13] commands the narrow seas;

[13] This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Faulconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. This Thomas Neville, says Hall, was "a man of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends

The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away.
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

King. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son; away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET *and the Prince.*

as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded.

King. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me,[14] and of my son!
The loss of those three lords[15] torments my heart
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin;[16] you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt*

[14] To *tire* is to *tear*, to *feed* like a bird of prey; from the Anglo Saxon *tirian*. Thus in the Poet's Venus and Adonis:

"Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone."

[15] That is, of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford who had left him in disgust.

[16] Henry Holland, the present duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the king, his grandfather, John Holland, earl of Huntingdon and duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created duke of Exeter in 1444, at the same time that Suffolk was made marquess. His grandfather, the first earl of Huntingdon in that line, was half-brother to Richard II., being son to Joan the Fair Maid of Kent by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. He was made duke of Exeter by King Richard in 1397, his brother Thomas and Henry of Bolingbroke being at the same time made dukes of Surrey and Hereford; but, being a fast friend to Richard, he was deprived of that title in 1399, soon after Bolingbroke mounted the throne; and, being engaged in the first conspiracy against that king, was taken and beheaded the next year. However, his son John, the second earl of Huntingdon, was in favour with Henry V., and was with him in France. See King Richard II., Act i. sc. 3, note 1, and King Henry V., Act v sc. 2, note 9.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No; I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,[1]
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place:
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty[2] and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

[1] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath it self,) in the foregoing play, was rational and just. — *Johnson.*

[2] *Witty* is here used in its original sense of *intelligent* or *knowing*. H.

Enter a Messenger.[3]

But, stay! — What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:[4]
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them? —
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.[5]

[3] The folio reads "Enter *Gabriel*." It was the name of the actor, probably *Gabriel* Singer, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the quarto.

[4] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in our power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. — *Johnson.*

[5] From the hollow reconciliation signified in note 10 of the foregoing scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The preliminaries to the battle of Wakefield, which followed soon after, are thus delivered in the Chronicles: "The duke of Yorke, well knowing that the queene would spurne against all this, caused both hir and hir sonne to be sent for by the king. But she, as woont rather to rule than be ruled, not onelie denied to come, but assembled a great armie, intending to take the king by force out of the lords hands. The protectour in London, having knowledge of all these dooings, assigned the duke of Norffolke, and erle of Warwick, his trustie freends, to be about the king, whiles he with the earles of Salisburie and Rutland, and a convenient number, departed out of London the second daie of December northward, and appointed the earle of March, his eldest sonne, to

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What! with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

follow him with all his power. The duke came to his castell of Sandall beside Wakefield on Christmasse eeven, and there began to make muster of his tenants and freends. The queene, thereof ascerteined, determined to cope with him yer his succour were come. Having in hir companie the prince hir sonne, the dukes of Excester and Summerset, the lord Clifford, and in effect all the lords of the north parts, with eighteene thousand men, she marched from Yorke to Wakefield, and bad base to the duke, even before his castell gates." — Prince Edward was at that time in his eighth year having been born October 13, 1453. R.

SCENE III. Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose[1] father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood

[1] Of course *whose* refers to *brat*, not to *duke*.

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore —

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.[2]

[2] Rutland was born May 17, 1443; the battle of St. Albans, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455: at that time, therefore, Rutland was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The "one son" of the present Lord Clifford was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till king Henrie the seventh obteined the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, one of the grandest lyrics ever penned, which closes thus:

> "Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
> The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
> And, ages after he was laid in earth,
> 'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore." H.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ![3]

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

[3] This scrap of Latin occurs in Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. It appeared first in the folio; but as Malone would needs argue that the original play was not Shakespeare's, from its having several Latin quotations, he did not see fit to adorn this line with a star.—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done." H.

SCENE IV. The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"
"A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We bodg'd[1] again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,

[1] *Bodged* is probably the same as *budged*, from *bouger*, French. Steevens thought that it was the same as *boggled*, that is, made bad or bungling work of the attempt to rally. But the following passage, in which Coriolanus speaks of his army who had fled from their adversaries, seems decisive:

> "The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
> From rascals worse than they."

Coles renders "To budge, pedem referre," to retreat, the sense required here.

And spend her strength with overmatching waves.
[*A short Alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.[2]

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[3]
York. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

[2] The story of this battle is thus told in the Chronicles: "The duke of Summerset and the queenes part appointed the lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was invironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited. With him died his two bastard uncles, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, and two thousand and eight hundred others, whereof manie were yoong gentlemen, and heirs of great parentage in the south parts, whose kin revenged their deaths within four months next." H

[3] Noontide point on the dial.

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no fur ther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with coward ice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay Hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[4] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin[5] with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.[6]

[4] *Raught* is the old preterite of the verb *to reach.*

[5] Handkerchief.

[6] In Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, this line is misplaced, being printed, as in the quarto, next after the line,—"I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York." From thence the misplacement has been propagated into divers later editions, the Chiswick

Thou would'st be feed, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper Crown on his Head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[7] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown! and, with the crown, his head.
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.[8]

among others. It need scarce be said that the line fits better where it stands in the folio. H.

[7] *Impale*, encircle with a crown.

[8] The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated in the Chronicles: "The same lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him,—'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despitefull words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the queene." It

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.

should be remarked, further, that Holinshed took this account from Whethamstede, who, as we have seen in Act iii. sc. 2, note 1, of the preceding play, was a bitter enemy to the Lancastrians. It should be noted, in justice to womanhood, that according to the latter account the queen had no part in the blasphemous mockery of the living duke. H.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O! ten time more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee. [*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.[9]

[*Exeunt*

[9] So in Holinshed: "After this victorie, the earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, togither with the duke of Yorkes head, were conveied to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city." — All, it should seem, must needs agree that this scene is one of the very best in the whole play. Its logic and its pathos are eminently Shakespearian; and the colouring of Margaret bespeaks, throughout, the same hand which, after a few years more of practice, wrought out the terrible portrait of lady Macbeth. Yet of the 180 lines which the scene contains, only 26 were altered from the quarto, and 19 added in the folio. And of those additions 15 lines are in York's speech at the beginning, while many of the alterations are of a very trifling kind, such as the following:

Quarto. "So doves do peck the *raven's* piercing talons."
Folio. "So doves do peck the *falcon's* piercing talons."
Quarto. "That *aim'd* at mountains with outstretched *arm.*"
Folio. "That *raught* at mountains with outstretched *arms.*"
Quarto. "Look, York: I *dipp'd* this napkin *in* the blood."
Folio. "Look, York: I *stain'd* this napkin *with* the blood"

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:[1]

Quarto. "Is crown'd so soon, and broke his *holy* oath."
Folio. "Is crown'd so soon, and broke his *solemn* oath."

Moreover, nearly all the pith, marrow, and spirit of the scene are in the quarto, there being even less of improvement than of enlargement in the folio. And yet, according to the more current notion, of this, undoubtedly the most Shakespearian scene but one in the play, only 19 lines were original with Shakespeare; if, in deed, that can be called originality, which gives no new thoughts, but merely amplifies the old. And Malone's celebrated argument was to *vindicate* Shakespeare from the reproach of having written, into the honour of having stolen, the 161 lines of this scene, either taken whole or slightly altered from the quarto! H.

[1] *Neat*, says Richardson, "seems properly to denote *horned* cattle, from the A. S. *Hnit-an*, cornu petere, to butt or strike with the *horn*." H.

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize[2] enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun![3]
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,[4]
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.[5]

[2] *Prize* is evidently used here in the sense of *privilege*, or the thing *prized*; as in the preceding scene: "It is war's *prize* to take all vantages." H.

[3] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

[4] *Racking* is moving like vapour or smoke. The original of the word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See The Tempest, Act iv. sc. 1. note 16. So, also, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. sc. 12: "That, which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased, Act iv. sc. 2: "Far swifter than the sailing *rack* that gallops upon the wings of angry winds." H.

[5] The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sonne in his ful brightnesse for his badge or cognizance." H.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[6]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.[7]

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy[8]
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;

[6] *Meed* anciently signified *merit* as well as reward; and is so explained by Cotgrave, Phillips, and others. See Richard II., Act i. sc. 3, note 11.

[7] The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

[8] The hope of Troy was Hector.

But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen;
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.[9]

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.—
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest;

[9] We subjoin this speech as it is in the quarto. It will be seen that the classical allusions were new in the folio.

"When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursued by Clifford and the queen,
And many soldiers more, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forc'd the duke to yield:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthless queen, perceiving he did weep,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipp'd in the blood of sweet young Rutland,
By rough Clifford slain: who weeping took it up.
Then through his breast they thrust their bloody swords,
Who like a lamb fell at the butchers' feet.
Then on the gates of York they set his head,
And there it doth remain, the piteous spectacle
That e'er mine eyes beheld."

For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O! never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart,
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes.

I come to tell you things since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And, very well appointed, as I thought,[10]
March'd towards St. Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St. Albans met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought.
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated[11] spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death;
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,

[10] We concur with Knight and others in retaining this line, though it is not in the folio. Mr. Collier rejects it, as not being necessary to the sense; but surely, though not necessary, it is serviceable. And, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "the want of *and* between *muster'd* and *march'd* goes far to prove that the line was omitted in the folio by an error of the printer." H.

[11] All the old copies have *heated*, which modern editors have most unreasonably changed to *hated*. S.

With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled, the king unto the queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.[12]

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.[13]

[12] The second battle of St. Albans, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late parliament. The course and issue of the fight are thus described in the Chronicles: "These (the Yorkists) gave the onset so fiercelie at the beginning, that the victorie rested doubtfull a certeine time; but after they had stood it a pretie while they began to faint, and, turning their backes, fled amaine over hedge and ditch, through thick and thin, woods and bushes, seeking to escape the hands of their cruell enimies, that followed them with eger minds, to make slaughter upon them, and bare downe manie, and more had doone, if the night comming on had not stayed them." H.

[13] This is slightly at variance with fact. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And the duchess of Burgundy was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin. H

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay! and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords: The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry — Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.[14]

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God, and St. George, for us!

[14] Thus far the whole of this scene, since the entrance of Warwick and Montague, comprising 106 lines, is the same in the quarto and the folio, with the exception of 18 lines slightly altered in the latter, and of the line mentioned in note 10. H.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts:[15] brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Before York.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

King. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

[15] Things are as they should be; *it falls out right*

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[1] gave away?"
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?[2]

[1] Foolishly.
[2] The king quotes two proverbs; the one, —"Ill-gotten goods

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft carriage makes your followers faint
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.-
Edward, kneel down.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,[3]
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle,[4] for they are at hand.

never prosper;" the other, — "Happy the child whose father went to the devil." This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth of it: "Was it always happy for that son?" &c. This interpretation sets the king's reasoning right.

[3] Of course *apparent* is here used substantively, for *heir-apparent*. H.

[4] That is, arrange, make ready, or embattle your army. The

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.[5]

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father: cry, St. George!

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke;[6] for, as I hear,

word is much used by the old poets, especially Spenser. Thus in The Faerie Queene, Book i. can. 4, stan. 40:

> "Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
> Redoubted battaile ready to *darrayne*,
> And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy;
> That with their sturre they troubled all the traine." H.

[5] So in Holinshed: "Thus was the queene fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises for where his person was present the victorie still fled from him to the contrarie part. The queene caused the king to dub hir sonne prince Edward knight, with thirtie other persons, which the day before fought on hir side against his part." H.

[6] This of course refers to the late compromise or agreement

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently:—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

which was "*sworne unto by the two parties.*" See Act i. sc. 1, note 10. — In the folio, this and the three following lines are assigned to *Clarence*; but the words, "to blot out *me*," show that they were meant to be a part of *Edward's* speech. H

The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child!

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,[7]
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.[8]

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;

[7] That is, persuaded, or convinced.

[8] In the folio this speech is assigned to Warwick, in the quarto to Richard. The queen's reply shows that the quarto is right

H.

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,[9]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel[10] should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,[11]
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw[12] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself. —
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;[13]
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.[14]
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

[9] One whom nature has marked out for shame, or *stigmatized*. See the Second Part, Act v. sc. 1, note 14. H.

[10] A *channel* in the Poet's time signified what we now call a *kennel*; which word is still pronounced *channel* in the north.

[11] *Extraught* for *extracted*. The quarto has *deriv'd*. — *Detect* in the next line is used in its original sense of *uncover* or *disclose*. H.

[12] *A wisp of straw* was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offender: even showing it to a woman was therefore considered as a grievous affront. A *callet* was a lewd wanton; but the term was often given to a *scold*.

[13] That is, a cuckold. In Troilus and Cressida, Act v. sc. 1, Thersites, speaking of Menelaus, calls him "the primitive statue and *oblique memorial of cuckolds*."

[14] Malone relies much on the frequency of classical allusions in the quarto, as inferring a more learned author than Shakespeare. Which makes it worth remarking that this and the three preceding lines are found only in the folio. What renders it the more remarkable is, that all the rest of this speech is the same in the quarto. See. also, note 9 of the preceding scene. H.

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.[15]

[*Exeunt.*

[15] This scene has 177 lines, of which 10 are peculiar to the folio, 51 altered, most of them very slightly, from the quarto, and 116 common to both. H.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Towton in Yorkshire.[1]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

[1] Soon after the second battle of St. Albans, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to Richard late duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed king. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. The immediate preliminaries to the action of the following scene are thus given in Holinshed: "His armie and all things prepared, he departed out of London the twelfe daie of March, and by easie journies came to the castell of Pomfret, where he rested, appointing the lord Fitz Walter to keepe the passage of Ferrybridge with a good number of tall men. King Henrie on the other part, having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the duke of Summerset, the earle of Northumberland, and the lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons." H

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.[2]

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon,[3] as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?

[2] "The lord Clifford determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horssemen, and earlie, yer his enimies were aware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had beene a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the earle of Warwicke*, a valiant yoong gentleman, and of great audacitie."— *Holinshed.* H.

[3] *Look upon* for *look on*; that is, are mere spectators

Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.[4]

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou Setter-up and Plucker-down of kings;
Beseeching Thee,—if with Thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards

[4] "When the earle of Warwicke was informed hereof, like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to king Edward, saieing,—'Sir, I praie God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng,—'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me;' and kissed the crosse of his sword, as it were for a vow to the promise."—*Holinshed*

As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Foreslow no longer;[5] make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. *Enter* RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself:
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

[5] To *foreslow* is to *delay.* Thus in Holland's Livy: "The consull for his part *foreslowed* not to come to hand-fight, the onely thing he sought for in threatening to give assault." — "King Edward, perceiving the courage of his trustie friend the earle of Warwike, made proclamation, that all men which were afraid to fight should depart; and to all those that tarried the battell he promised great rewards, with additiou, that anie souldier which voluntarilie would abide, and afterwards, either in or before the fight, should seeme to flee or turne his backe, then he that could kill him should have a great reward and double wages." — *Holinshed.* H.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,[1]
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.[2]
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life[3]

[1] This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 50. H.

[2] So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

[3] "This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity." — *Johnson.* There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks,[4] months, and years
Pass'd over to the end they were created,

strain of the same pensive moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the Poet has attributed to him:

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

"Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
Power a smouldering smoke.

"Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood."

[4] *Weeks* is not in the original. It was supplied by Rowe, and the preceding order of the speech seems to require it; though, as hath been suggested, it may seem equally to require that *months* be omitted. H.

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.[b]

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, with the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them

[b] More than three-fourths of this speech was new in the folio. In the quarto it stands as follows:

"O, gracious God of heaven! look down on us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs.
How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woeful battle doth continue still!
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
O, would my death might stay these civil jars!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence
Would God that I were dead, so all were well;
Or would my crown suffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life."

To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O, heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks.
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O, piteous spectacle! O, bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[6]

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?

[6] Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves."—Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning this battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord" H.

Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see! what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.[7]

King. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

King. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Misthink[8] the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

[7] Of these obscure lines the following explanation by Henley is the most probable which has been offered:—Had the son been younger he would have been precluded from the levy which brought him to the field; and had the father recognized him before their mortal encounter it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.

[8] Think ill of

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?
King. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the Body*
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[9] will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee,[10] having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*
King. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Queen. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

[9] *Obsequious* here means careful of *obsequies*, or funeral rites.
[10] The original has "*Men* for the loss of thee." For *Men* Rowe substituted *Sad;* Mr. Collier sets this aside, and puts *Man* instead. Mr. Dyce says, — 'Surely *Men* must be a misprint for *E'en*"

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before.

King. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away![11]

[*Exeunt.*

[11] The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed's account of it is mainly copied from Hall: "This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end king Edward so couragiouslie comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with bloud. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enimies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation." H.

SCENE VI. The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*[1]

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York
The common people swarm like summer flies:[2]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

[1] In the old play the stage-direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, with *a forked arrow through his head.* The circumstance is related by Holinshed: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget, suddenlie with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit."

[2] This line, clearly needful to the sense, was supplied from the quarto by Theobald. H.

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing:[3]
See who it is.

Edw. And, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

[3] *Departing* for *separation.* To *depart*, in old language, is to *part.* Thus in the old marriage service: "Till death us *depart.*"

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clif
ford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down
the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound.
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.[4]

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

[4] In the quarto this speech stands thus:

"Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung to us but blood and death:
Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak."

One of the reasons alleged for denying the original play to Shakespeare is its lack of images and expressions resembling those in his other plays. Which makes occasion of quoting from Richard III., Act iv. sc. 4: "Out on ye, *owls! nothing but songs of death?*" H.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.[5]

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that, he's dead: And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.[6]

[5] *Sour* words; words of asperity. "Verie *eagre* or sowre peracerbus." — *Baret.*

[6] This most characteristic speech is but slightly altered from the quarto:

"What! not an oath? nay, then I know he's dead:
'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath:
By this I know he's dead: And, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all contempt might rail at him,
I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose instanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy."

Could such an union of sarcastic humour and bloody-thoughtedness have sprung from any but the author of Richard's character as developed in the play which bears his name? R.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.[7]—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be,
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.[8]

[7] So in the Chronicles: "After this great victorie, king Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place." H.

[8] Holinshed, after Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them king Richard the third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse

War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers,[1] *with Crossbows in their Hands.*

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[2] anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,[3]

whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." H.

[1] In the folio, instead of *two keepers*, we have the names of the persons who represented these characters, *Sincklo* and *Humphrey*. Humphrey was probably Humphrey Jeaffes, mentioned in Mr. Henslowe's manuscript; *Sincklo* we have met before, his name being prefixed to some speeches in the Induction to The Taming of the Shrew.

[2] A plain extended between woods, a *lawn*.

[3] Evidently meaning,—"And, *that* the time *may* not seem tedious;" a mode of speech not uncommon in the old writers H.

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a Prayer-Book.*[4]

King. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

[4] The Poet here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the king fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the queen and prince to France. In October, 1463, she returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the king. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow, the king escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this scene. Such, at least, is the account delivered by Hall and Holinshed; who, after speaking of Edward's measures of security against his rival, add the following: "But all the doubts of trouble that might insue by king Henries being at libertie were shortlie taken away; for he himselfe, whether he was past all feare, or that hee was not well established in his wits, or for that he could not long keepe himselfe secret, in disguised atire boldlie entred into England. He was no sooner entred, but he was knowne and taken of one Cantlow, and brought toward the king; whom the earle of Warwike met on the way, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold." H.

King. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;[a]
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

King. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,

[a] The original has *the sower Adversaries*, which Mr. Collier retains, not being able to see, with Mr. Dyce, that the reading is "flagrant nonsense." Pope changed the text to *these sour adversities*, which has been generally adopted. As *thee* was often spelt *the*, and *adversity* almost always *adversitie*, Mr. Dyce very aptly suggests the reading we have preferred.

To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.[6]

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

King. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown, content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

King. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

King. I was anointed king at nine months old;

[6] "The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen" — *Steevens.*

My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

King. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

King. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

King. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.[7] [*Exeunt.*

[7] We have already set forth the taking of King Henry as related in the Chronicles. Dr. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter; who tells us that after the battle of Hexham the king "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at St. Albans' field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.[1]

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Yea! is it so?

James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years." H.

[1] This seems a very needless departure from fact. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on King Henry's side; and his lands were not seized by the queen, who conquered in that battle, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in Richard III., Act i. sc. 3:

> "In all which time, you and your husband Grey
> Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
> And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain?"

As the text in this passage is but slightly altered from the quarto, Malone cites this discrepancy as "proving incontestably that Shakespeare was not the original author of the play." H

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside.*] He knows the game: How true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside.*] The match is made: she seals it with a curtesy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*Aside.*] The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside.*] When he was made a shriver. 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.[2]

[2] The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the Chronicles: "The king being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to sir Richard Woodvile lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hirs, called the ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons This widow, having a suite to the king for such lands as

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tow
er;—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along:—Lords, use her honourably
[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY,
CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty:
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the kings affec tion, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose." H.

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way;
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks
O, miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,[3]
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,[4]

[3] "It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of bears are produced in the same state with those of other animals." — *Johnson.*

[4] "Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled[5] with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown,
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,

stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt." — *Johnson.*

[5] That is, encircled. Steevens would read with Hanmer: "Until my head that this misshap'd trunk bears." Otherwise, he observes, the trunk that bears the head is to be encircled with the crown, and not the head itself.

And set the murderous Machiavel[6] to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.[7] [*Exit.*

[6] The quarto reads, "And set the *aspiring Catiline* to school." By which the anachronism is also avoided. Machiavel is mentioned in various books of the Poet's age as the great exemplar of profound politicians.

[7] This speech is a great enlargement and improvement upon the quarto. Nevertheless, the most characteristic parts are found there, insomuch that no one, it should seem, can well avoid the conclusion, that the original form of the speech could have come from none other than the delineator of the full-grown Richard. But the reader shall have the means of judging for himself:

"Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I look for!
For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all they look for issue
Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut! I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry, content, to that which grieves me most,
I can add colours to the chameleon;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush! were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down." ■

SCENE III. France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King LEWIS, *and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his State. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the Earl of* OXFORD.

Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis.
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK,[1] *attended.*

Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

[1] The part which Warwick is made to act in this scene, though amply justified by the Chronicles, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the king-maker so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as hath been said, "we need seek no

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*He descends.* *Queen* MARGARET *rises*

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. [*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To* BONA.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged." For settling the point in hand, probably the best we can do is to quote from Dr. Lingard. "Many writers," says he, "tell us that the enmity of Warwick arose from his disappointment, caused by Edward's clandestine marriage with Elizabeth. If we may believe them, the earl was at that very time in France negotiating on the part of the king a marriage with Bona of Savoy, sister to the queen of France; and, having succeeded in his mission, brought back with him the count of Dampmartin as ambassador from Louis. To me this whole story appears a fiction. 1. It is not to be found in the more ancient historians. 2. Warwick was not at that time in France. On the 20th of April, ten days before the marriage, he was employed in negotiating a truce with the French envoys in London, and on the 26th of May, about three weeks after it, was appointed to treat of another truce with the king of Scots. Nor could he bring Dampmartin with him to England; for that nobleman was committed a prisoner to the Bastile in September, 1463, and remained there till May, 1465."

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but, were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty-and-six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death?[2] and more than so, my father
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?[3]
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[2] This was during Edward's first parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the Chronicles: "The earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the lord Awbreie Veer either through malice of their enimies, or for that they had offended the king, were both, with diverse of their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."—It will not be amiss to add, that this little speech, relishing so choicely of Shakespeare, is but very slightly altered from the quarto. H.

[3] This passage unavoidably brings to mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates "His withered fist still *knocking at death's door.*"

Queen. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*

Low. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour

Low. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Low. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,[4]
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy,[5] but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

Low. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—
[*To* WAR.] Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

Low. Then, Warwick, thus: Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—

[4] In the language of Shakespeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a perennial one.

[5] Steevens thinks that *envy*, in this place, as in many others, is put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these though it cannot secure him from female disdain.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king

Queen. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret;
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;[6]
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,[7] and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A Horn sounded within.*

Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—

[6] Johnson is inclined to think this ironical, the poverty of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of reproach.

[7] *Conveyance* is used for any crafty artifice. See King Richard II., Act iv. sc. 1, note 24.

These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Queen. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth[8] your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?[9]

[8] To *sooth*, in ancient language, was "to countenance a falsehood or forged tale, to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh." — *Baret.*

[9] This is a mistake. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York. See Act i. sc. 4, note 9, and Act ii. sc 6 note 7

H.

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?[10]
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

[10] "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward." — *Holinshed.*

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go fear[11] thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone.[12] [*Exit Mess.*

Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

[11] That is, *frighten*. *Fear* was often so used. See 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 4, note 10.

[12] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, who in the old play is called a *Post*. See King Henry V., Act iii. sc. 6 note 13.

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter,[13] and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore, delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his Hand to* WARWICK.

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale[14] but me?

[13] This is a departure from history, for Edward prince of Wales was married to Anne, *second* daughter of the earl of Warwick In fact Isabella, his *eldest* daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistency in the present proposal, for at the time represented neither of Warwick's daughter was married

[14] *Stale* was much used for *stalking horse*, a device whereby the hunter *stole* upon the game. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 8. It was also used for a *lure, pretence*, or *decoy*; as in a passage of Sidney's: "One bird caught served as a *stale* to bring in more." See, also, quotations in Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 1, note 7. H.

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *attended; Lady* GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Cla. Then this is mine opinion, that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir[1]
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.[2]

[1] Until the Restoration minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

[2] The king's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas lord Scales: sir Thomas

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;[3]
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;

Graie, sonne to sir John Graie, the queens first husband, was created marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the lord Bonville." In fact, however, the queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the king's niece, daughter and heiress to the duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the king's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the queen having been introduced at court and crowned. H.

[3] Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.[4]

[4] *In place* signifies there *present*. The expression is of frequent occurrence in old English writers.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,[5]
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick' daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.[6]
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself. —
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.[7]

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:

[5] That is, my mourning is *ended.*

[6] This is consonant with the former passage of this play, though at variance with what really happened. See note 13 of the preceding scene.

[7] Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king's hearing. When the ear. of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me follow me."

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed.
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me:
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come:—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That, as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;[1]
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

[1] We are told by some of the writers of the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries of the fate of Troy.

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.[2]—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry, Henry!*
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters; each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What! will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the king,

[2] This and the six preceding lines were new in the folio. Mentioned merely on account of the classical allusion. See Act ii sc. 2, note 14.

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the Rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arm! Arm!* WARWICK, *and the Rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the Rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind[1] be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the lady Bona send to him:—
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

[1] That is, in his mind; as far as his own mind goes

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

[2] This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. In Holinshed the story runs thus: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The king in this meane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke, being not farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powers together, upon secret knowledge had, that the king tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enimies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the king was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveied to Middleham castell in Yorkeshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties." H.

Riv What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then be come?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY *and Others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.[1]

[1] So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie togither in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London." H

Enter King EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away! let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.[2] [*Exeunt.*

[2] The whole matter of Edward's captivity and escape has been set aside by later writers as a fiction of the chroniclers. Here again the great learning and exemplary candour of Dr. Lingard will amply warrant our quoting him. "By modern writers," says he, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. Hume says it is contradicted by records. Carte and Henry pronounce it incredible and romantic. But, if it were, they should have accounted for what in that case were more inconceivable, the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native; even by Comines, who says that he received the principal incidents of Edward's history from the mouth of Edward himself; and by the annalist of Croyland, who was high in the confidence of that monarch. But there is a record which places

SCENE VI. A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *Young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement, what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the king enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartyng the king's royall estate, persone and life *in straite warde*, putting him thereby from all his libertie, aftre procurying grete commocions.'" Perhaps we should add that Hume's argument proceeds on the supposition, that the alleged captivity was in 1470, and is entirely nonsuited by referring to the true date, which was the latter part of 1469. Its not being mentioned in the king's proclamation against Clarence in 1470. nowise proves the point: for on the Christmas before Clarence had a full pardon, and that proclamation refers only to offences committed after the pardon was granted H.

He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[1]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:—
Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

[1] Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstances.

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else, an that succession be determin'd?
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.[2]

[2] This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. Edmund, again, was son to Katharine, widow of Henry V., by her second husband Owen Tudor, an untitled gentleman of Wales. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers. The occasion was this: The young earl's uncle, Jasper Tudor, brought his nephew to London, and introduced him to King Henry, soon after the latter was released from the Tower; "whome,"

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his Hand on his Head*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! But how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him[3]
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him:
For hunting was his daily exercise.

says Holinshed, "when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, — 'Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.' So that it might seeme probable, by the coherence of holie Henries prediction with the issue falling out in truth, that for the time he was indued with a propheticall spirit." It is said that after the earl became King Henry VII., in gratitude for this early presage he solicited the pope to enroll Henry VI. among the saints of the Church; but was refused, either because he would not pay the price, or as Bacon supposes, lest, "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not distance kept between innocents and saints." H.

[3] That is, waited for him.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WAR., CLAR., *Lieut., and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange

[4] Nearly all this scene was new in the folio, there being, out of 102 lines, only 4 taken whole, and 10 more or less altered from the quarto; and of these 14 all but 2 are in the short dialogue about young Henry H.

My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desir'd help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo [*Aside.*] But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him;[1] but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his Keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm.
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again
I come to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A March begun*

[1] That is, "So 'twere not *because of* him."

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit[2] thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gaunt'let*

Report. See Macbeth, Act v. sc. 7, note 2.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; — and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier. —
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. —
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.[3]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

[3] In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurg, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his comming was not to chalenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke;" and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles, — the one, that he should use the citizens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto king Henries commandments."

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'S *Hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague.
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., *and* MONT

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed[1] hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

[1] Here again we have *meed*, that is, the thing merited, put for the *merit*. See Act ii. sc. 3, note 6. H.

[2] Mr. Collier thinks this shout should be, *A York! A York* unless we suppose it to come from some soldiers in Henry's pay But the truth is, one part of Edward's disguise was that he ordered his men every where to shout, "Long live King Henry!"

Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.
[*Exeunt Some with King* HENRY
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.[3]
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unwares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.[4]
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

[3] The allusion is to the proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines."

[4] On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11th, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.[1]

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![2]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when?[3] strike now, or else the iron cools.

[1] That is, enroll thyself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us that *servitium* is "that *service* which the tenant by reason of his fee oweth unto his lord."

[2] A *pack* of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a pair of cards. An instance of a pack of cards being called a *deck* occurs in the Sessions Paper for January, 1788. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.

[3] This expression of impatience has been already noticed in King Richard II., Act i sc. 1, note 24

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. O, cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[OXFORD *and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So, other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome! Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall 'by this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,[4]
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.—
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime[6] the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety

[4] Edmund Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, was slain in the first battle of St. Albans, May 22, 1455. Henry, his oldest son, the Somerset of the present play, was taken and beheaded at Hexam, April 25, 1464. He was succeeded in the dukedom by his brother Edmund, who, having fled to sanctuary after the battle of Tewksbury, was seized and put to execution May 6, 1471. The Poet here refers to the two former as having already fallen, though he continues the second till the death of the third, or at least does not distinguish between them. H.

[5] This stage-direction is taken from the quarto, the folio giving no intimation as to the cause of Warwick's urgency in the next line. H.

[6] That is, to cement

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence! this is brother like.

War. O, passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What! Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! St. George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear:

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.[1] —
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;[2]
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.[3]

[1] Warwick was the *bugbear* that *frightened* us all. Thus in The Taming of the Shrew, Act i. sc. 2: "Tush! tush! *fear* boys with *bugs*." See, also, Act iii. sc. 3, note 11, of the present play.

[2] "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." — *Ezekiel*, xxxi. 6.

[3] The great earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

14, 1471. The Poet, for obvious reasons, represents him as falling by the hand of Edward: the Chronicles relate that "the earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine." — We subjoin this speech as it stands in the quarto:

"Ah! who is nigh? Come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the rampant lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory, smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, and walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length."

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And, to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said,—"Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke.
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,[4]
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.[5] [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *Body.*

SCENE III. Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the Rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,

[4] The quarto has this line: "Which sounded like a *clamour* in a vault." Singer thinks that *cannon* is an error of the press in the first folio. "The indistinct gabble of undertakers," says Steevens, "while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice; it has too often forced itself on mine."

[5] We here give the genuine text. Modern editions have thrust in *to* before *his soul*, and *again* after *meet*. H.

Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

March. *Enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;[1]
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrowds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

[1] Thus Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag in As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 1:

> "Thou mak'st a testament
> As worldlings do, *giving the sum of more*
> *To that which had too much.*"

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.[2]

[2] Thus far this scene is nearly half original in the folio. This enlargement, though no greater nor better than we find in some parts of the finished Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, as compared with the first editions, has been referred to by Malone as decisive that Shakespeare did not write the quarto. Thus, for example, in Hamlet's soliloquy, Act ii. sc. 2, beginning,—"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"—we have in the earliest known edition but thirty-two lines, which were afterwards expanded into fifty-eight. However, we give the preceding part of the scene as it is in the quarto:

"*Queen.* Welcome to England, my loving friends of France!
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And, though our tackling be almost consum'd,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
That bears the sails to bring us unto rest;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.
Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight.
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as a witness of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince! thy noble grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live
To bear his image, and to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and, like the owl by day,
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at, if he arise."

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay;[3] for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies*

SCENE V. Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle[1] straight:
For Somerset,[2] off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

[3] Unsay, deny.

[1] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

[2] The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary, and beheaded. The queen and prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune [*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is; and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

very day of the battle of Barnet. We are told that when she got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause, induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished. H.

Prince. Let Æsop[3] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy! or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.[4] [*Stabs him*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony [*Stabbing him*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.[5] [*Stabbing him.*

[3] He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person, which afterwards makes him "descant on *his* own deformity." This passage, being the same in the quarto, may be aptly cited as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard. H.

[4] That is, "thou who art the likeness," &c.

[5] Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The Chronicles give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the kings

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;—
And I will speak, so that my heart may burst.—

promise, brought foorth his prisoner prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when king Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the prince boldlie answered, saieng, — 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words king Edward said nothing, bu with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome incontinentlie, George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie marquesse Dorcet, and William lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act, the more part of the doers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup by the righteous justice and due punishment of God." H

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid[7] this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence per force.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed,
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.[8]

[6] This is but slightly altered from the quarto:

"Yor have no children, devils; if you had,
The thought of them would have stopp'd your rage."

The same thought occurs again in Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 3, where Macduff first learns of the murder of "all his pretty ones." H.

[7] To *rid* is to cut off, to *destroy*. See King Richard II., Act v sc. 4, note 2.

[8] This speech presents no material alteration from the quarto and is there so all of a piece with Margaret's speeches in King Richard III., that diversity of authorship is scarce conceivable. Besides, if there were any other writer of that time, who could wield such terrible words as, "murder is thy alms-deed,"—'tis pity his name has been lost. H

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen, how well she fares:
By this, I hope she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?[1]

[1] This scene, whether considered in itself or in reference to the following play, affords a most decisive test of the position held by Malone. Probably all will acknowledge it to be the most Shakespearian in style of any thing in the whole play; while, in characterization, its identity with what nobody doubts to be Shakespeare's is too manifest to be shirked or dodged. In short, if, in this play, there be any one thing more than another, which nobody but Shakespeare could have written, this undoubtedly is that thing By comparing the scene as printed in the quarto, it will be seen that no material change or addition was made in the folio.

"*Glos.* Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?
Hen. Ay, my good lord: lord, I should say rather:
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were all alike.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glos. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.
Hen. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;
And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glos. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a bird!
And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd

Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
Thy brother Edward, the sun that sear'd his wings;
And thou, the envious gulf that swallow'd him.
O! better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.

Glos. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
And, if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glos. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:
That many a widow, for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an undigest created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast bo
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true that I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world—

Glos. Die, prophet, in thy speech; I'll hear n
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

Glos. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
Now may such purple tears always be shed,
For such as seek the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life remain in thee, [*Stabs him a*
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'twas true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
'O, Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth!'
And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since Heaven hath made my body so,

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it.
I have no father, I am like no father;
I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word love, which greybeards term divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
As Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
And, Clarence, thou art next must follow them:
So by one and one despatching all the rest,
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll drag thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom."

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.[2] [*Exit*

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

[2] The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore king Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother king Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said king Henrie with a dagger Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogither the house of Yorke, have recorded, that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie." H.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security. —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. —
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back: —
Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.[1]

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks

[1] Gloster may be supposed to touch his head and look significantly at his hand.

[2] The old quarto play appropriates this line to the *queen*. The

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, all hail! whenas he meant, all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to *Clarence*. In Steevens's copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his majesty had erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a royal name.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 159 057 7